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EDITORIAL

GIVING GATES THE C.I.A.

Directors of Central Intelligence are the last casualties of war, revolution and failed covert actions. Allen Dulles, who seemed to have a lock on the job, was promptly fired by President Kennedy after he botched the Bay of Pigs. Richard Helms, "the man who kept the secrets," didn't exactly do the greatest job in the world in Vietnam, but he really ran afoul of President Nixon for his squeamishness in collaborating with the Watergate cover-up. George Bush was supposed to clean up the C.I.A.'s image after the back-to-back debacles of Vietnam and Watergate, which just shows how far the once-proud intelligence service had declined. And it was God, not a mere President, who terminated William Casey in the middle of the Iran/*contra* fiasco.

With a quondam D.C.I. now in the White House, it's not hard to see what hackles an independent-minded C.I.A. chief would raise. William Webster's biggest mistake was flip-flopping on the sanctions-vs.-war issue during last year's desultory debate. The Bush team thought it took Webster too long to get with the war program.

Robert Gates, Bush's choice to replace him, is perhaps the worst person for a job that encourages execrable performances. Gates has been inside the agency since the 1960s, which makes him, by default, a collaborator, if not a participant, in every C.I.A. horror show from the assassination program in Vietnam through the betrayal of the Kurds.

The confirmation hearings should probe the question of what the agency's job should be in the post–cold war world as well as parse the record of a man who built his career on anti-Sovietism. Gates is a true believer in covert operations, which is exactly what ought to be phased out in any decent, intelligent world order. But it looks like decency and intelligence will again be put on hold.

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NEW EVIDENCE ON K.A.L. 007

CHINA AND HUMAN RIGHTS
Aryeh Neier

BERNIE DOES D.C.
Andrew Kopkind

SOCIALISM LOST
Daniel Singer

FAST TRACK TO LOST JOBS
Amy Lowrey
David Corn

ACTIVIST ART
Arthur C. Danto

AN INTERNATION STORY

HIGH-DEATH WEAPONS OF THE GULF WAR

MICHAEL T. KLARE

The true horror of what the military and its propaganda arm, the U.S. media, sold as a clean, high-tech war in the Persian Gulf has now become evident. An estimated 85,000 tons of nonnuclear, "conventional" bombs were dropped on Iraq and Kuwait during the conflict. Together, these munitions produced a destructive power equivalent to five Hiroshimas. Comparable quantities of rockets, missiles and artillery shells were also fired during the Persian Gulf war, making it the most firepower-intensive conflict since World War II. Many of these munitions, designed for use against Soviet forces in Europe, were first used in combat during Operation Desert Storm. While unaccompanied by radiation or radioactive fallout, their use against Iraq's civilian infrastructure produced high levels of death, disease and starvation.

To inflict those damages on Iraq, the United States and its allies used a vast array of munitions, ranging from highly touted "smart" weapons like the Tomahawk and the laser-guided Paveway-II missile to ordinary "dumb" bombs of the sort used in Korea and Vietnam. What made the gulf war so distinctive, however, was the widespread (and often experimental) use of a new breed of munitions designed to duplicate the destructive effects of tactical nuclear weapons. These munitions—fuel-air explosives, penetration bombs and wide-area cluster bombs—were dropped in great profusion to destroy fortifications, demolish underground bunkers, disable tanks and

(*Cont. on p. 738*)

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LETTERS.

'NAIROBI LAW,' CASUALTY OF WAR?

Pittsburgh

Aryeh Neier's April 1 "Watching Rights" column on human rights advocates in Kenya was a refreshing look at the continuing call for political reform from within African countries. Protests for greater democracy in countries such as Kenya and Zambia received a fair amount of international press coverage last June and July, but since Iraq's invasion of Kuwait they have received little attention.

Neier's article, however, failed to discuss the suspicious links between the early March political crackdown in Kenya—of which the arrest of Gitobu Imanyara, editor of *The Nairobi Law Monthly*, was a part—and recent Bush Administration policy toward Kenya.

It was only a few weeks prior to Imanyara's arrest that the U.S. government restored $5 million in military aid to Kenya—aid that had been suspended in October in protest of continuing human rights abuses by the Kenyan government. The restoration of military aid to Kenya in February was described by the State Department as "a sign of appreciation" for Kenya's support of U.S. gulf policy. With the gulf war in full swing, military people in Washington were known to be keen on insuring U.S. access to the strategic Indian Ocean port of Mombasa and to airfields outside Nairobi.

I would like to add Imanyara's probable conviction and the possible banning of *The Nairobi Law Monthly*—the leading forum for political dissent in Kenya—to the continuing list of casualties of the gulf war.

Carole Marie

NEIER REPLIES

New York City

The Bush Administration's policy toward Kenya is a complicated matter that required more space than was available in my column. I am glad of the opportunity to discuss that policy.

Although I too suspected that the $5 million in U.S. military aid was restored in return for Kenyan support in the gulf war, this did not stand up under examination. Kenyan cooperation with respect to a different conflict turned out to be the crucial factor. It seems that the United States was training Libyan prisoners of war in Chad—probably in violation of the third Geneva convention—to be sent back into Libya to overthrow Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi. That effort collapsed when the Habré government in Chad was overthrown by forces allied with Libya. Several hundred combatants had to be resettled, and when Zaire declined to take them, Kenya provided a haven. The $5 million was the payoff.

I believe Carole Marie is right to suggest that U.S. payments for geopolitical services rendered encourage a government such as Kenya's to resist pressure to respect human rights. Africa Watch publicly condemned the $5 million military aid payment—as did Senators Kassebaum, Leahy and Kennedy—because of its impact on human rights.

That said, it should also be noted that the State Department issued an unusually strong statement denouncing the arrest of Gitobu Imanyara and that Ambassador Smith Hempstone has been as outspoken as any U.S. diplomat anywhere in supporting human rights. That makes it all the more regrettable that signals to the government of President Daniel arap Moi should be confused by the grant of military aid. *Aryeh Neier*

'SOME DOGS ARE TOO BIG TO FIGHT'

Pittsburgh

Thank you for printing Tahar Ben Jelloun's superb piece, "I Am an Arab, I Am Suspect" [April 15]. I am not cleaning windows and I am not from Morocco, but I feel I know Mohamed Bouchaïd very well indeed. In fact, I feel I know him so well that I can supply you with a few more facts about his life in those fateful days.

Mohamed is very wise, so he might have good reasons not to mention the time his friend from Algeria called him in the wee hours of the morning to tell him that Scuds had landed in Israel. The unreasoning rush of excitement at this news is something he doesn't feel like talking about anymore. But I am sure he remembers the strange highs and lows of those months. He remembers his friend from Iraq, the one who escaped many years ago to get away from Saddam, and he remembers how he told them all that Saddam is a dirty dog, but only a dirty dog can fight other dirty dogs. But we have learned, haven't we, that some dogs are too big to fight.

Mohamed is a modest man—he just cleans your windows—and it would be far too presumptuous of him to let you in on another little secret, but it's true; he talks about politics too. Yes, even Mohamed, the window cleaner! He remembers the night in February when all his friends came to his apartment after dinner and they talked politics till six in the morning. Rasheed, the taxi driver from Pakistan, even missed work that night. He doesn't mention the days when he would swear not to watch TV anymore, only to switch it on again in the middle of the night and watch with morbid fascination as they continued to count the airstrikes—10,000, 20,000, 100,000, and still President Mitterrand doesn't call us.

Oh yes, it would take many books to write about all that went through Mohamed's mind in those months. My thanks to Jelloun for giving voice to the voiceless. *Omar Ali*

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

San Antonio, Tex.

If I may be forgiven a bit of family pride, I think I can say in three words what your writers said in twelve pages regarding "Rethinking the Left: Invitation to an Inquiry" [April 22]. In the worst of the Great L
Maury Maverick, a leade
velt's "Young Turks" in th
sentatives, had this campaign
and groceries!" *Maury*

SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES

Ferndale, Mich.

Thanks for toying with the idea of starting a "wide-ranging dialogue on the left." Since you didn't mention the Democratic Party—a monkey on our backs, as was Stalinism—I'm not sanguine about this dialogue's utility. Left of what? If not left of and goodbye forever to the Dems, you're blowing smoke.

David McCullough

DEAD

Washington

The left must acknowledge that socialism will soon be dead everywhere and that until we reach the ideal of an enforceable system of international justice, force will continue to be a disagreeable necessity. Many urgent needs are not recognized by the right, such as environmental protection, improving the condition of those in the inner cities at home and in developing countries abroad, and promotion of human rights. The left should emphasize these, instead of wasting its energies and influence on lost causes. *Thomas B. Stoel Jr.*

DYING

Manassas, Va.

Simple logic tells me that capitalism cannot survive for long, not because of its anti-humanitarian, class-exploitation aspects but because of the built-in concept that economic growth is the only way to maintain a healthy economy—"sustainable capitalism"! Is this the latest trendy oxymoron? The left should help publicize the fundamental contradictions between sustainability and capitalism.

Tom Munsey

INVISIBLE

Irvine, Calif.

Does *The Nation* fear the A-word? The critique of statist socialism never identifies by proper name the alternative that it is promoting: Anarchism. Anarchists have been advocating the same thing for two centuries.

Peter Sabatini

ROSA BY ANY OTHER NAME

White Plains, N.Y.

The first step in reforming the left is to ban the phrase The Left. It has come to mean tyrannical government bureaucracy and a threat to private property, which makes the left ridiculous to most Americans. The tragedy of liberalism has not been poor principles but poor communication. Chronic intellectualism must be subdued. *Wesley W. Wise*

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EDITORIALS.

Unnatural Acts

More than 100,000 are dead; millions more injured, sick, displaced, at risk from epidemics. U.S. troops try to restore order, while international relief workers struggle to provide shelter, food and health care to the battered survivors in a country whose modern history is filled with calamities.

Iraq or Bangladesh? Both. It will doubtless be argued that this is a specious comparison: After all, one disaster was created by human agencies, while the other, a cyclone, is the result of blind forces or an act of God.

Thinking about "natural" and "unnatural" disasters gets complicated when there are so many tragedies to digest at the same time—not just Bangladesh and Kurdistan but also famine in Ethiopia and Sudan, earthquakes in Soviet Georgia and Costa Rica, cholera in Peru. Some no doubt still find refuge, like Pangloss when he contemplated the Lisbon earthquake of 1755, in the thought that all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds. Among humanitarian agencies, the phrase of the moment is donor fatigue. This also goes by the name of compassion fatigue: Americans, their consciences jarred and then numbed by bad news, have largely reacted by flipping the channel.

Relief workers, politicians and editorialists will all agree that the best response to the cyclone in Bangladesh is not cure but prevention. That's exactly the point. Those who died

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on the drowned islands and sandbars could have been saved by human decisions as conscious and controllable as those that unleashed the B-52s on Iraq or the Republican Guard on the Kurds.

This is not a call to rehabilitate King Canute, who sat on the beach and ordered the waters to retreat; stilling the winds and waves remains beyond the reach of human science. But the roots of Bangladesh's serial disasters are not hard to find. The floods that afflict the Ganges delta year after year are the direct result of the deforestation of the Indian Himalayas; topsoil is swept into the great river and causes it to burst its banks after the monsoon rains. The cyclone-driven waves that roll in from the ocean can be blocked by coastal barriers. Or people can be protected by taking refuge in concrete shelters. Bangladesh has 300 of these shelters; almost every person who found one survived. But it needs 5,000.

Whenever disaster strikes, the humanitarian relief agencies issue those familiar appeals that tell small donors what their dollars will buy. Help to Bangladesh's flood victims takes the form of plastic sheeting and water purification tablets, rice and molasses and intravenous drips. CARE says that $14 will purchase a "survival pack" to support a family of four for five days.

Here are some other ways of thinking about what larger donors might do with their money:

- An ATACM long-range artillery rocket costs $55,000; $50,000 buys a concrete cyclone shelter.
- A GBU-15 precision-guided bomb costs $584,000; $500,000 buys ten cyclone shelters.
- A C-17 military cargo aircraft costs $373 million; $235 million buys all the shelters Bangladesh needs.
- $1.4 billion is the total that Bangladesh says it needs to mop up after this cyclone—while doing nothing to stop the next one, which will come as surely as the sunrise.

These figures should not be a cause for fatigue but a spur to start saving lives.

Baker Doesn't

After more than ten weeks of shuttling throughout the Middle East, Secretary of State James Baker has little to show for his efforts to engage Israel and the Arabs in peace negotiations. This comes as no surprise. After rejecting "linkage" (read "diplomacy")—even spurning an early January feeler from Iraq that offered a withdrawal from Kuwait in exchange for a promise to come to an agreement on the Palestinian problem and on the banning of all weapons of mass destruction from the region—the Administration simply could not continue to ignore the international community's desire to put the Arab-Israeli dispute on the front burner. But the fabulous Bush and Baker boys were blowing smoke when they claimed that the victory over Iraq opened a "window of opportunity" in the longstanding conflict. And their deliberate emphasis on form rather than substance has all but smothered any possibility of progress.

Once again the leaders of Israel's Likud government have proved themselves masters of the "peace process" game. By offering to attend a one-day regional peace conference that would be called by the superpowers and then would immediately break up into direct negotiations between Israel and its Arab neighbors, the Israelis succeeded in shifting Baker's focus from the international consensus on land-for-peace and Palestinian national rights toward such procedural wrangles as who might attend on the Palestinians' behalf, whether the United Nations might be allowed a mere observer role and what role the conveners might play beyond sending out engraved invitations. This is a recipe for stalemate.

The alternative is for Washington or the Security Council to start talking about the real substance of peace, using the principles inherent in U.N. Resolution 242 as its basis. One promising idea has been floated by James Zogby of the Arab American Institute, on behalf of a coalition of Arab-American groups. Zogby proposes that the United States meet the maximum concerns of both sides—Israel's need for security, the Palestinians' demand for recognition of their rights—in a Strategic Peace Incentive Package (S.P.I.P.). To the Israelis, the package would offer "specific and detailed commitments of international security guarantees, economic cooperation, defense assistance, normalization of relations with the Arab states, and funds for economic development." These security guarantees would be conditional on Israel's pledge to withdraw from the West Bank and Gaza. To the Palestinians, the S.P.I.P. would offer "commitments of independence with international security guarantees, the ability to reunite and reconstruct their national community, economic development assistance, and recognition of their statehood." But they would first have to agree to "a phased plan of implementation leading to final-status negotiations with the Israelis."

Such a plan has the virtue of using incentives, rather than sanctions, to get the parties to the bargaining table. It would also temporarily sidestep the pro-Likud bloc in Congress (now intent on creating even more obstacles to a resumption of the U.S.-P.L.O. dialogue). And it could transform the political environment in Israel. Although the Likud won't go near the Palestine Liberation Organization, and the Israeli peace movement was split during the gulf crisis by the Palestinians' equivocal support for Iraq, it's worth noting that even when the Scud attacks on Israel were at their peak at the end of January, 44.7 percent of the Israeli public said they were in favor of negotiations with the P.L.O. So there are still grounds for hope. A new approach to Middle East peace, however, will require some things rarely observed in this country: sanity about the Middle East in Congress and the media, and political courage in the White House.

K.A.L. 007 (Cont.)

Korean Air Lines Flight 007 has been back in the news in recent months, largely because of investigations conducted by Soviet journalists. New material unearthed by *Izvestia* has supplied answers to some of the mysteries of the 1983 downing of Flight 007, sharpened the need to resolve other questions and

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allowed those who viewed the episode as an ideological morality play a chance to revive the production. The multi-part *Izvestia* series on K.A.L. 007, which began last December, revealed that the Soviet Union lied after the shoot-down when it said it had attempted to contact the errant airliner, that it did find the remains of the aircraft (including the black box) and that it apparently uncovered no evidence that the plane was on a spy mission.

With the articles as ammunition, James Oberg, a Houston space engineer who has crusaded against the theory raised by some (including David Pearson in our pages) that the airliner deliberately violated Soviet airspace as part of a U.S. mission, rushed to claim victory. In *The Wall Street Journal*, Oberg asserted that the *Izvestia* articles—particularly the interview with Lieut. Col. Gennadi Osipovich, the jet pilot who blasted Flight 007 out of the sky—demonstrate that the Russians knew precisely what they were doing that night. He also falsely characterized as "spyflighters" some of those who had questioned U.S. actions in the episode. His intent was to prove that the Soviet Union, circa 1983, was truly an evil empire (and thus the Reagan Administration was fully justified in its exploitation of the event) and that anyone who questioned the initial U.S. account (including this magazine) was a Soviet dupe.

But Osipovich, in his interview with *Izvestia*, is unclear about what he thought he was firing at. He never states he knew it was a civilian airliner. In fact, he says, "I had no idea that it was a passenger aircraft flying ahead of me." Osipovich says that he did not try to make radio contact with the aircraft (the Russians claimed he did), that the aircraft was flying with its recognition lights on (the Russians said the lights were off) and that the warning shots he fired across its path were very hard to see. But in view of the way the plane shifted course, he recalls, "I have no doubt that they noticed me."

What remains obvious is that in the aftermath of the shoot-down both sides covered up inconvenient facts. The Soviet Union recovered wreckage and kept mum. President Reagan claimed the Russians had knowingly massacred "innocent men, women, children and babies." But the President ignored U.S.-collected intelligence that demonstrated the Russians didn't know what they were chasing (as Seymour Hersh showed in his book *"The Target Is Destroyed"*). It suited the Reagan Administration's purposes to let the world believe the Russians deliberately shot down an unarmed civilian airliner.

Most interesting is Osipovich's claim that in early 1983, the United States stepped up reconnaissance flights over the Soviet Union, and in a number of cases U.S. planes violated Soviet airspace to test the Soviet response. On one occasion, he says, a U.S. plane overflew Soviet territory for fifteen minutes. That incursion prompted Soviet military officials to dress down Osipovich's unit. All this put the Soviet air command on edge.

If Osipovich's statements are true, when K.A.L. 007 flew into Soviet airspace it encountered a Soviet Air Force that had developed an itchy trigger finger in response to the high-altitude cat-and-mouse game being played by both superpowers.

One did not, and does not, have to be an adherent of the spyflight theory to doubt the U.S. line on K.A.L. 007. There were, and are, other unanswered questions. Why had the United States' vast tracking system failed to follow the plane and alert its pilot that he was off course? What had U.S. intelligence learned of the Russians' handling of the crisis? Why were U.S. radar tapes that could have shown the actual flight path erased? *Izvestia* found no evidence to support the contention that Flight 007 was on a mission for the West. But the series concludes that there are many puzzling details about U.S. activity both before and after the shoot-down and calls for further investigation—a suggestion some on Capitol Hill should consider.

Whatever brought Flight 007 to the night skies over Sakhalin Island, the Soviet Union should have tried harder to identify the intruder and, of course, not shot it down. After the attack it should have been more forthright about what occurred that night and the results of the recovery efforts. Now it should release the contents of the black box. But the lack of concrete evidence supporting the spyflight scenario does not exonerate the Reagan Administration's propaganda campaign. Both sides acted deplorably. The only innocent parties were the passengers who died that night and their relatives, who live with the unanswered questions.

NEXT WEEK

SPRING BOOKS ISSUE

★

On Not Making The Cut

They've named another poet laureate.
It's not me yet.

I do want to applaud him from the bench—
To be a mensch.

And yet, I've been ignored so many times.
And my stuff rhymes!

Hey! Maybe that's my problem—rhyme's a curse.
I'll try blank verse:

Listen, selectors, I'd make a great
poet laureate, and I'm not the kind
of guy who would get uppity if you asked
him to knock out eight or ten lines for
the First Lady's birthday or anything like
that. Think about it. Thanks.

Calvin Trillin

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

I had seen and reported curfews in my time, varying in their severity from East Jerusalem to Romania, but I had never lived in a curfewed neighborhood until returning home to George Bush's Washington from a trip to Spain in the first week of May. In the morning I was in the Prado Museum, paying a last visit to view the exquisite triumphs of Hispanic culture, chief among these the paintings of Velázquez, and of these my personal favorite, *Los Borrachos*—"the drunken ones." By nightfall I was being dropped onto a darkened Columbia Road, two miles from the White House, while helicopters thudded overhead and police cars cruised the streets and red-daub signs exclaimed *Justicia*. "The Hispanics," it seemed, were in revolt.

Dumping my suitcase, I fared forth with my companion and tested the temperature. The local economy depends considerably on drink-selling establishments, and it appeared that the police had rather "insensitively" shot a local *borracho*—actually the slang for a drunk is *bolito* hereabouts—after he resisted arrest and, depending on whom you believe, either had been handcuffed or, while being handcuffed, had pulled a knife. The authorities were faintly coy on the point, but it seemed that the person pulling the trigger was an African-American female officer, this perhaps marking the first underclass riot to be ignited by a black woman. Signs of black-Hispanic distrust and dislike are not difficult to come by locally, which made rather hollow the newspaper report saying that this was the most intense disturbance in the capital since the murder of Dr. King.

Destruction did not follow a strictly ethnic pattern, since a fair number of freelance looters came barreling in from other neighborhoods as the disorder spread, and Spanish and Korean businesses seemed hit more or less impartially. But where the rioting was in any sense political, it focused on the police. Slogans instructing them in detail on what they could do with themselves were usually signed *FMLN* or *FPL*. And here lies a clue.

The Adams-Morgan/Mount Pleasant district of Washington is heavily inhabited by recent arrivals from El Salvador. The population of one Salvadoran town, named Intipuca, moved here some years ago, having given up life back home as a bad job. (During the fall offensive in San Salvador in 1989, many Washington journalists got better information about the fighting by talking to locals who were using the telephone than they got from the newspapers and TV.) Conversation with these immigrants discloses, without much prompting, the most appalling tales of forced conscription, near-slave labor, the disappearance of family members and the general *miseria*. Nor are the victims often in much doubt as to the source of the hardship and the fear from which they fled. They blame the Salvadoran oligarchy and its patrons in Washington, who donate $450 million annually to the predatory armed forces and have no cash left to spare for Mount Pleasant.

Salvadoran immigrants, in other words, do not come to the United States with the same idealistic consciousness that draws other first-generation settlers. They have an ingrained suspicion, earned in a hard school, and they think of America not as the solution to their problem but in many ways as the source of it. An extra shove from a cop is enough to stir more memories and resentments than most officers are equipped to guess at, however "community-oriented" they may be. Like all such events once they occur, the Mount Pleasant riot can easily be seen to have been coming for a long time.

The District of Columbia is itself a colony, and feels like it. Its citizenry is highly segregated, has no right to vote in Congressional elections and enjoys no meaningful self-government. Unemployment and dereliction are high, and though I live at the much nicer end of the curfewed area, I don't have to stroll far to see the rotting housing and badly paved streets with which the budget-conscious authorities can't be bothered. It's one thing to say, as local boosters do, that our quarter of town is so marvelously "diverse," but this diversity will curdle if it is left in decay.

And the reactions were so *dreary*. Friends in the sylvan suburbs said, What do you expect? Local merchants blamed the police for not acting more ruthlessly. "Community spokesmen" talked of a lack of understanding—or was it a failure to communicate? *The Washington Post* started putting bylines like Escobar and Gomez, not heretofore conspicuous, on its front page. At the street level the Hispanic youths said the blacks were vicious, and the black youths said the Hispanics should learn to speak English. Epithets like "lazy," "dirty" and "thief" were freely traded, showing how easy all that is.

The term "curfew" derives from Old French—*cuevrefeu*, or "cover fire." It's an order from the lay and religious authorities to douse the lights, go to bed and leave the scene to those who know best. Two glimmers of this fire, however, remain hard to extinguish. The first is the sharp reminder of the international division of labor, and the way in which it is managed at both ends. Until now it has been the Administration that has decided when we shall get excited about Central America—when we shall favor it with our "advisers" and jets and mercenaries—and when we shall let it lapse back into a source of underpaid stokers and cleaners. The young Salvadorans who came out to play—*jugar*, as they put it—serve notice that they too want a role in this "process."

The second point is, relatively speaking, much less obvious. It can be trite to say, as Dr. King once did, that "riots are the language of the unheard." The initial revolutionary bravura of this riot very quickly degenerated into a sectarian brawl, a war of all against all, with tribal and racial overtones. Walking my own street, seeing the places where I drink being boarded up, being questioned by nervously polite black police officers, I could easily envision a *Blade Runner* future, with no solidarity except that of the block and the gang, with *lumpen* elements toughing it out while the remainder hire private security and practice "self-defense" tactics. In a way, an exemplary consummation of the privatized, atomized society that, for more than a decade now, has relied on the politics of malign neglect.

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WATCHING RIGHTS.

ARYEH NEIER

Former President Jimmy Carter's Op-Ed article in *The New York Times* on April 30 calling for "reconciliation" and the renewal of most-favored-nation trade status for China was no doubt welcome to Deng Xiaoping, Li Peng and their associates, and also must have gladdened George Bush, who made his own announcement of support for most-favored-nation status two weeks later. On the other hand, if they get to hear about it, the call for reconciliation might not go over so well with Wang Juntao and Chen Ziming, who were recently sentenced to thirteen-year prison terms as "black hands" of the 1989 democracy movement; or with Ren Wanding, who was sentenced to seven years for speaking about human rights in Tiananmen Square and who previously served four years for issuing a "19-Point Manifesto for Human Rights" in the 1978-79 Democracy Wall period; or with Wei Jingsheng, Xu Wenli and Wang Xizhe, all held in solitary confinement for more than a decade for their part in the Democracy Wall movement; or with thousands of others who have been long consigned to prison terms for their associations or for the peaceful expression of their views [see "Watching Rights," February 18].

If by some chance China's political prisoners do manage to learn of Carter's article, it may not surprise them greatly. After all, he was President at the time of the Democracy Wall movement and did not allow the imprisonment of Wei Jingsheng and his young colleagues to sour the achievement of establishing full diplomatic relations with China in 1978. Indeed, though the Carter Administration is rightly credited with placing human rights on the foreign policy agenda—in Argentina its efforts saved countless lives—its actual record was highly uneven. The Carter Administration was particularly remiss about speaking out for human rights in Asia. As Ray Bonner has chronicled in his book *Waltzing With a Dictator*, Carter's Assistant Secretary of State for Asian Affairs, Richard Holbrooke, fought off the efforts of Carter's Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights, Patricia Derian, to denounce abuses in the Philippines under Ferdinand Marcos. China was another gaping hole, helping to justify Deng Xiaoping's reputed boast that his government never paid a price for the imprisonment of Wei Jingsheng.

Carter's call for the renewal of most-favored-nation status could hardly have come at a more opportune moment for the authorities in Beijing. Until Carter's article appeared, the momentum for discontinuing the status was building rapidly. Although President Bush now says that he will renew the status, the ardor of some in his Administration had cooled as a consequence of China's huge favorable trade balance with the United States, its disregard for American patents and copyrights and the revelation of its exploitation of prison labor to produce large quantities of textiles and electronic goods for export to the United States, Germany, Japan and other countries. Proof that prison labor is used in this fashion, that some prisoners are held in custody for their cheap labor after completion of their sentences and that the use of forced labor for the export trade is a government policy was provided in April, when Asia Watch obtained and published classified documents in which Chinese officials discuss the economic advantages of "labor reform enterprises." The Bush Administration reacted to the release of those documents by asserting publicly that they would influence deliberations on China's trade status and by dispatching Under Secretary of State Robert Kimmitt to Beijing in early May to discuss U.S.-China relations.

President Bush's formal action on this matter is due by June 3—coincidentally, the second anniversary of the Beijing massacre. Congress has ninety days to disapprove. One of the arguments the Bush Administration has advanced over the past two years to thwart Congressional efforts to deny most-favored-nation status to China is that friendly trade relations and the concomitant contacts between American entrepreneurs and their Chinese counterparts would help to open up Chinese society. The Chinese would learn democracy by doing business with Americans. That argument seems specious amid signs that repression in China has been hardening. Some of the best-known 1989 democracy activists have recently been sentenced to long prison terms after secret trials. Meanwhile, the great majority of those imprisoned for their part in Tiananmen Square continue to be held without trial, contrary to a May 13 *New York Times* editorial which contended that China had responded to American concerns by bringing most of them to trial. All the while trade has been booming.

Jimmy Carter's reputation as a champion of human rights makes his article particularly damaging to attempts under way in Congress to reject favored status for China. Members of Congress eager not to offend their constituents and campaign contributors who do business with China will be able to cite Carter in justification of their positive votes. Even before Carter joined the debate, it would have been a formidable task to muster a two-thirds majority of Congress to override a possible presidential veto; now it may be impossible. Persuading the Administration to go along with a measure that would impose conditions on the Chinese—including the release of the Democracy Wall and Tiananmen Square prisoners, and an end to the export of goods made by prison labor—may be the best means to use trade relations to promote human rights in China.

Why Carter chose to enter this debate is not clear. His article followed a visit to China in which he spoke out forcefully on human rights, publicly naming names of political prisoners. One of those named, Han Dongfang, the principal organizer of the Beijing Workers' Autonomous Federation, who had become seriously ill in prison, was released at just about the time the article appeared. Perhaps Carter had struck a deal to secure Han's release. Nevertheless, he should realize that the article will diminish his stature as a human rights advocate, negating many of the efforts of the Carter Center in Atlanta. On the other hand, he may think it will enhance his image as a statesman, promoting closer ties between great nations. How shameful that taking a consistent stand for human rights should conflict with aspirations to statesmanship.

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ARTICLES.

LONELY TOWN

Bernie Sanders Does D.C.

ANDREW KOPKIND

Bernie Sanders is way out in left field. In Congress, where it's wrong to be independent, bad form to struggle over issues and worse than gauche to perform ahead of the curve, Vermont's lone Representative is almost out of his league. That should be reason for pride rather than regret, for his league is, in large measure, composed of a lazy, self-serving, retrograde and even corrupt bunch of team players. Still, Sanders, who was elected only six months ago after a tumultuous campaign, in an extraordinary victory for progressive, grass-roots political organizing, is committed to the game. Whether it's worth the effort will take a lot more time to decide.

"This place is to a large degree impervious," Sanders sighed as he began a fairly familiar lament about the state of Congress that is nonetheless devastating. "The Congress is really divorced from the reality of America, the reality I see in Vermont, the reality that exists all over this country. You come here to Washington, you walk around, and there's absolutely no sense of urgency, no sense that people have to deal with unemployment, for instance. Now the theory here is that in a recession the government is supposed to do *nothing* about unemployment. Got to save the family farm! No, can't do that. Gotta make sure all the kids get into college! No, can't do that. Health care! Uh-uh. The Congress is a million miles away from the pain that Americans today are experiencing.

"That's the bad news," Sanders continued, his voice rising and falling in the haunting cadences of a thousand "movement" speeches, fiery rallies and calls to action. It's how Sanders talks, to a tape recorder no less than to an audience on the stump, and it's engaging once you get over the fear of assault. "The good news is that as soon as you leave this building and you go back to Vermont—or to any district in the United States of America—you are going to find people who are up in anger."

It was Sanders's accurate assessment of popular outrage that propelled him into statewide office in Vermont after two decades of trying. There has hardly been an Election Day in the state since 1972 when Sanders hasn't been running for something, somewhere, somehow—and always as a foe of the two-party system. His campaigns were not only the ego trips standard to all pols but, perhaps uniquely in America these days, calculated steps in the process of reordering politics, in progressive movement building, in coalition testing. It took guts and chutzpah to be an avowed socialist candidate in Vermont, which used to be more of a Republican stronghold than it is now, and Sanders had ample amounts of both. What's more, he was absolutely convinced that one day he would win.

Victory came sooner than many expected. In 1981, running as an independent, he slid into the Burlington mayoralty by a margin of ten votes, dislodging an entrenched five-term Democrat who was as removed from the reality of his own small city as the members of Congress Sanders now scorns are from their districts. His 1981 campaign was based, like all his others, on issues of class and economic empowerment. It touched the anger and alienation of marginalized voters, and it was rooted in the culture of the left.

Sanders avoided the burgeoning brie-and-Beemer wards and headed for the double-decker frame houses and plain apartments with the old Fords parked out front. He talked openly about class and power in ways that were absolutely terrifying to conventional politicians, even—especially—the yuppie liberals and cool neoliberals who filled the Democratic Party, in Vermont as elsewhere an atrophied institution that nevertheless was able to occupy and pre-empt a sizable space in the political arena. Sanders wasn't liberal, he wasn't a yuppie and he definitely wasn't cool. He was too disheveled, too Brooklyn, too Jewish, too leftish, too old and too hot for that mold.

'Nobody should have confidence that this particular Congress is capable of addressing the issues facing the country.'

All along, Sanders insisted that his campaigns were part of a larger movement for political realignment. "You know people have been saying for years that this is a Sanders movement," he explains. "I never believed that. I think people in Burlington identified with a progressive movement, not with me. So that's what we have done in Vermont, and it's really not complicated. People have got to do a little less intellectualizing and a little more door knocking, going out and talking to the people in their communities or in their states. They'll find that the people want change."

No one expected the new Mayor to install socialism in one city, or in one two-year term, but there was other interesting and ultimately important work to be done. Before change there must be mobilization, and Sanders went about the business of politicizing his natural base. Politics was waged in the manner of community organizing, moving citizens to participate in local issues of immediate impact: housing, taxes, social services, utilities, commercial development. Previously alienated voters came out in droves.

But there wasn't much revolution. Vermont cities, such as they are (Burlington is the biggest, with only 40,000 inhabitants), enjoy precious few privileges of home rule, and the state government in nearby Montpelier was niggardly and hostile, sabotaging Sanders's socially sensitive initiatives such as housing for the homeless and redistributive rate plans for the locally owned electric utility.

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In the marvelous melodrama that is small-state politics, the more-or-less liberal Democratic Governor, Madeleine Kunin, loomed as Sanders's archetypal antagonist. Like Sanders, Kunin was an oddball in traditional Vermont; as a female, foreign-born, Jewish out-of-stater, she came to office with as many eccentric credentials as Sanders. But her take on politics was completely different. A leveler rather than a sharpener, an accommodator rather than a rebel, Kunin had an electoral core that was in the recently settled and still aspiring "upbeats," the pollster lingo for the graying or balding baby boomers with a middle-class appreciation of feminism, a NIMBY respect for the environment and a suspicious eye for change. Sanders's appeal, and his ideological locus, was in the trailer parks, the family farms and the poor parts of old mill towns.

Sanders was re-elected three times as Mayor before retiring to continue his quest for statewide office. Sanders was a good Mayor of Burlington—better than many of his friends and most of his critics had predicted (he had a lot of help from a booming postindustrial economy and great regional word-of-mouth)—but he's an even better candidate, and after a while he tired of the urban executive drudge. In 1986 he ran for governor against Kunin and lost, and in 1988 he entered a three-way race for an open Congressional seat, beat the Democrat by almost two to one and came within four percentage points of beating the Republican, Peter Smith, as well. Sanders loves to run for office. It's his way of organizing, of mobilizing and of showcasing his ideas.

Over the decade, the independent Sanders campaigns in Burlington were expanded and solidified as a political movement called the Progressive Coalition. It is perhaps stronger now than ever. Sanders's successor as Mayor, Peter Clavelle, is a native of the area and recently won virtually uncontested re-election as a P.C. candidate. The coalition held its own in the City Council (despite a vicious combined Republican and Democratic attack on P.C. members for endorsing Sanders's stand against the gulf war). Then last year, as Sanders geared up for his second try for Congress, the Progressive Coalition merged with the Vermont Rainbow Coalition—a remarkably successful hangover from Jesse Jackson's two presidential campaigns—to form a statewide independent political organization called the Progressive Vermont Alliance, which has the potential to become a bona fide third party. The alliance could be a model for a new progressive force in the country, as Sanders's independent campaigns have provided examples for progressive politics in many cities.

Sanders's long-running critique of the all-American two-party system may prove to be his primary contribution to the politics of his time. "People don't see any alternative between the two parties," he said one warm spring morning in his office in a rather obviously out-of-the-way attic suite of the oldest House office building. Sanders is in Congressional trim these days, but his short white hair was as tousled as ever, and he waved his arms with informal intensity, as always. I asked him to develop his ideas on "actually existing third-party politics."

ADK: So how do you start an alternative to the system?
BS: First of all, I can say that I think the state of Vermont

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is far ahead of the rest of the country. I'm not going around the country starting a third party because I'm working my seventy or eighty hours a week here trying to be a good Congressman. But I want to tell you about a meeting of a statewide advisory group I've formed in Vermont. In one room was the constituency that elected me and nationally could elect a progressive President. You had some of the leaders there of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and the Teamsters, you had the active farmers, some of the leaders of the women's movement, leaders of the environmental movement, seniors—the whole activist community . . .

ADK: Minus minorities, of course, but you can't help that.

BS: Well, we're almost an all-white state, but we're one of the poorest, and people are absolutely getting the shaft. The point is that we have a basis for a changing politics in Vermont, and I think we're making some good success.

ADK: You called for a third party in an Op-Ed piece in *The New York Times* in January 1989. You talked about the low rate of voting, about the way the rich and the big corporations control politics and the media, and about the lack of political debate in the country. A lot of people were excited by the thought that a new order of politics was in the offing.

BS: You know I called for it. I'm sitting here waiting to see it happen, but I'm not running around the country making it happen. There was the possibility of a third force in Jesse Jackson's campaigns. I think Jackson, who lately has been put down by the media in a rather ferocious way, deserves a lot of credit for his two extraordinary campaigns. I know the Rainbow Coalition is running into its share of problems, but there are many good groups like Acorn that could go into such a political force. But obviously nothing is happening to the degree that any of us would like to see it happen.

ADK: Do you see yourself helping to organize or form or develop a progressive electoral party in Vermont?

BS: Well of course it goes without saying. I can't see how I wouldn't. We need a third party but the difficulty is forming it. We are close. It's a tactical question as to when we do it. You don't want your party to simply represent "political activists." You want your party really to represent workers and unions and farmers and senior citizens. It is difficult to get those constituencies to meetings, to participate actively within a democratic frame. Activists can do it quite easily. I mean, that's our background, right?

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ADK: Do you think it's better to organize people by interests and issues, or as individuals in an integrated party?

BS: You've got a labor movement here, you've got a farmers' movement here, you've got an environmentalists' movement here, you've got a peace movement here, you've got a women's movement over there, you've got a minority movement over there [he waves his arms around his head, as if assigning each movement to a number on a clock face], and I think every sensible person understands that those movements have got to be merged into a political party.

ADK: Do the news media make that necessary?

BS: Television begs for "charismatic leadership." Television will focus on an individual. Television is not interested in a mass movement, in boring eight-hour meetings where people thrash out ideas and really come to some consensus and conclusion. Television is the twelve-second soundbite by a leader. So you have the whole modern media working against the building up of a citizen-led grass-roots movement. That's why it's important to work from the bottom up. I mean, you and I and twenty other people could announce the formation of the fourteenth, or fortieth, third party in modern history, but so what?

Sanders came to Congress this year as an independent (he did not run as a socialist, as many people believe, although he is never shy about announcing his adherence to socialism, usually defined as "Swedish-style" democratic socialism), but he gingerly dealt with Democrats in Vermont to get elected, and with the Democratic leadership in the House to get his first-choice committee assignments (Banking and Government Operations).

In Vermont he managed to convince party leaders to refrain from endorsing a Democrat against him, thus assuring his head-to-head rematch with the one-term Republican incumbent. Returning the favor, he somewhat discreetly supported Peter Welch, the Democratic candidate for governor, which is the office that many local progressive activists would have preferred Sanders to seek. Moreover, he allowed his army of volunteers to work for the Democratic gubernatorial candidate as they saw fit, and in some areas, such as the southeastern part of the state, the Sanders campaign almost overtook that nominally Democratic effort, so listless was the regular party (Welch narrowly lost).

In Washington, Sanders applied for inclusion in the House Democratic caucus, as he had promised voters, but he was radical-baited by some party conservatives and shunned by all but a few liberals. Then the leadership, led by Speaker Tom Foley and majority leader Richard Gephardt, offered him his committee seats and Sanders stopped knocking at the caucus door. (He would like some kind of associate membership in the Black Caucus, whose positions he generally supports, but that hasn't happened yet.)

Once the arrangements were completed, Sanders set to work on three or four issues that particularly energized him, and that he had hit hard in his campaign, among them universal health care, S&L bailout reform and the rescue of family farms. Along the way he became an outspoken opponent

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of the Persian Gulf war; on January 18, after the bombing began, he was one of only six Representatives (and the only nonblack) to vote "No" on a resolution of support for President Bush's action. And, somewhat sotto voce, he continues to please gun-happy Vermonters (and enrage some liberals) by following the National Rifle Association line and voting against the Brady waiting-period bill. (The N.R.A. was furious with Sanders's Republican rival, Peter Smith, for opposing assault rifles. "I have no problem with the right of the people to bear arms," Sanders said mischievously during the campaign. He gladly welcomed N.R.A. votes and benefited from N.R.A. ads, but he refused official N.R.A. endorsement. A man has to draw the line somewhere.) He has also taken on the fight against a proposed Mexican free-trade agreement.

But as one freshman Representative from a small state, with a radical background, no party support, corporate hostility and constant re-election worries, Sanders has little leverage in the capital. What's more, he has not charmed or amused the Washington press corps, which does on occasion promote an eccentric radical if he or she gives good headlines or supplies witty one-liners. Sanders, Minnesota's Senator Paul Wellstone and the District of Columbia's new Congressional Delegate, Eleanor Holmes Norton, were invited to the traditional press "roast" of interesting newcomers shortly after Congress convened. All three bombed, and the media cynics fled from the room swearing that they'd never eat a free lunch in this city again.

It's not hard to see how Sanders would be disappointed, if not discouraged, by the limitations of his job. He leaned back in his chair, the front legs of which lifted perilously off the carpet:

BS: I was surprised by the impotence of the Congress. I didn't understand that a victory here now means basically the defeat of a presidential initiative. If we by some miracle defeat the Mexican trade agreement that will be the victory—not any program of economic development and reindustrialization of America. All of the momentum, *all*, underline three times, rests with the White House, despite the fact that the Democrats have a 100-vote plurality. They have abdicated all power to the White House. I don't mean parental leave or the current civil rights bill; obviously I support those bills. A major initiative would be a national health care bill. A major initiative would be a program to industrialize America, so that we have decent, environmentally sound manufacturing jobs for our workers. A major initiative would be to say we're going to solve the housing crisis in a year or two by building hundreds of thousands of affordable units of housing.

ADK: Why don't the Democrats use their voting majority?

BS: On issue after issue it is the Republican agenda that essentially carries. Let me go through four issues. First, the war. We had a 100-vote plurality and the Democrats lost on the need to continue sanctions. I think now people are seeing the long-term implications, and to my mind the decision to go to war remains absolutely wrong. But the Democrats were unable to carry the day because they were unwilling to do so. Second, the savings and loan bailout. You had the President and the leadership of the Democratic and Republican parties all agreeing that the way to deal with the bailout is to dump another $30 billion into the deficit without talking about who is going to pay for it. My role, along with a few other people, was to say, not another nickel for the S&L bailout unless we know that the wealthiest people in this country, who have seen a tremendous increase in their incomes, who are paying less in taxes than they were paying ten years ago, are going to pay for it. Interestingly enough, some of the Democratic rank and file broke from their leadership, and some of the Republicans broke too, and we actually won one day. But of course the next day they came back and they won.

ADK: How did they do that?

BS: Very simply. They slapped a few backs. They made some kind of innocuous changes to appease a few people, and they put a lot of pressure on people. But my point is that we have the American people outraged at this rip-off, outraged at the unfair tax system. The issue is sitting there waiting to be seized—and not a peep from the leadership.

Third, you've got the budget. As a result of the agreement last year, which was terrible, the country will do nothing about

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its enormous problems in terms of education, in terms of housing, in terms of infrastructure, health, the collapse of the cities. So you can pick up a fairly good publication from the Democrats that talks about the litany of problems, and then they bring forth a budget proposal that does away with the most odious aspects of the President's budget. But nobody makes any pretense that it is really going to address seriously the real problems.

And then you have the Mexican free-trade agreement, which most people with any economic sense at all understand will only accelerate the flight of manufacturing from the United States. We're seeing the collapse of manufacturing, our working people are seeing a significant decline in their standard of living, and yet this will accelerate it. Every corporation in America thinks it's a great idea, the unions are strongly opposed to it quite correctly, the environmentalists are clearly against it. . . . Here you have the heart and soul of the Democratic constituency against this thing, you have a 100-vote plurality and I'm sitting here telling you I don't know whether the Democratic leadership can carry the day on this thing. So I sit here for three and a half months and I see that the Democratic leadership is really quite unable or unwilling to differentiate itself from Bush. If one did an honest confidential survey and asked the Democrats in the House of Representatives who they would prefer as President, George Bush or Jesse Jackson, my guess would be that the majority would say George Bush.

The "good news," Sanders told me several times, is that there are "about thirty or forty people here" in Congress, about half of them minorities, who are stalwart fighters for progressive legislation and reform. Sanders will presumably join them, and perhaps shine. He will introduce his own health care bill, modeled after the Canadian plan, later this year, and he is doing intense educational lobbying at the grass roots of his home state, as well as the usual promotional press conferences, forums and events in Washington.

Back in Vermont, his activist friends think he'll come back someday and run for governor. Next to campaigning, Sanders likes putting policies into practice, reforming bad systems and building structures in which ordinary people can exercise a little power. As a governor he could do that, or at least try. As a Congressman, he can never be more than a voice declaiming in the Washington wilderness.

So far, he has given no indication that he wants to use his Congressional office as a headquarters for organizing a national independent movement, as some of his more wistful supporters had hoped. The trouble is that he might end up spinning his progressive wheels. "If he's not going to be a 'tribune,' and he's not going to 'get along by going along,' what *is* he going to do?" a veteran insider on the left in Washington asked. "He might just end up quirky."

Sanders has heard such criticisms before. He knows that, on the one hand, the myth of "effectiveness" in Congress is an instrument used to depoliticize and disarm militant members and that, on the other hand, the romance of radicalism and instant revolutionary gratification can isolate the most careful candidate. At the end of the morning, he let his chair down and eyed his tie, in anticipation of an appearance on the floor of the House:

"It's a difficult task and you've got to be patient and keep at it day after day. The reason we are somewhat successful in Vermont is that we have been doing it for twenty years, and that's the truth. But I have to tell you that nobody should have confidence that this particular Congress is capable of addressing the major issues facing the country. It's not. What we need is a political movement that will eventually dislodge several hundred people here and replace them with progressives prepared to represent working people. And I have to tell you that the future of the country, and the future of the world in many respects, rests on whether we're going to be successful or not." □

LETTER FROM EUROPE

Socialism's Setting Sun

DANIEL SINGER

Paris

Amid the noise of the unending Urbatechnic *affaire*, a scandal over the Socialist Party's fraudulent financing of its electoral funds, the tenth anniversary of François Mitterrand's presidential victory was commemorated here in a wistful mood. I remember May 10, 1981, quite vividly. Barely was the result announced, at 8:00 P.M., than 200,000 people flocked to the Bastille to celebrate the end of twenty-three years of right-wing rule. They danced until a sudden shower announced that the fete was over.

For me this was not one of Wordsworth's "blissful dawns." Yet one could not help rejoicing. I can plead, however, that I was not carried away by the euphoria and cite an editorial I wrote in these pages to prove that my expectations did not go beyond the proof of the pudding. But I must also confess that even a skeptic like myself could hardly imagine that within ten years the political and ideological climate would shift so far to the right—and not only in France but in Europe. Indeed, Mitterrand's tenth anniversary is probably a good occasion to look at the sorry state of the left in Western Europe. The Communist parties, in historical terms, are obviously out of business. But are their very unidentical twins, the Social Democratic parties, not themselves close to bankruptcy?

From a purely electoral perspective, this gloomy diagnosis can quickly be denied. After all, Mitterrand is still President, with a Socialist, Edith Cresson, as his new Prime Minister. In neighboring Spain, Felipe González, whose Socialist Party did not even pretend it would attack capitalist society, will also soon celebrate ten years as head of government. In Britain, while the idea of the conquest of power cannot easily be associated with Neil Kinnock, the leader of the Labor Party may well have office thrust upon him. Even Germany's Helmut

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Kohl, who obtained his victory under false pretenses, no longer looks as triumphant and lasting as he did. At this stage, social democracy is not doing too badly at the polls.

The second objection is that Mitterrand's open conversion to capitalism does no more than bring France into alignment with its northern neighbors. After all, the British Labor Party and the German Social Democratic Party have long acted as managers of the existing system; there was no panic on their countries' stock exchanges at the prospect of, say, Harold Wilson or Helmut Schmidt taking over the premiership. Only in France was every general election prior to 1981 preceded by speculation about whether it would bring a change of government or, with the advent of a left that included the Communists, a change of regime. This French anomaly, it is argued, has now disappeared. More generally, as politics catches up with economics, the Latin members of the Common Market are supposed to adopt the pattern of their northern partners, with the Communist parties withering away and the Socialist ones falling into line (the Italian Communist Party—now rechristened the Party of the Democratic Left—is ambiguously playing both roles at once).

The snag in this interpretation is that European Socialists are being asked to jump straight to the American pattern, with the electoral machine of the Democratic Party as their model. The postwar Social Democratic parties, while undeniably the managers of capitalism, did have a certain political vision. Indeed, the thirty years of unprecedented growth after World War II were highly propitious for reformism. As real wages rose steadily and people climbed up the social ladder, the Fabian doctrine of gradual transformation seemed to make sense. True, acceptance of the existing order was not as widespread as the salesmen of the "end of ideology" suggested. In France and Italy particularly, the 1960s revolt of students and young workers revealed the depth of hidden discontent. But the Keynesians had the upper hand among economists, the welfare state was fashionable and the general climate was social democratic. The right was obliged to contend that it desired the same objectives, only by other means.

It is this consensus that was smashed by the capitalist restructuring of the mid-1970s—the West's version of *perestroika*. Faced with a deep economic crisis on top of serious political unrest, the establishment opted to change course. The days of class collaboration were over. The "wets" were out; the radical right took command and went on the offensive. Labor unions came under legal and political attack. The welfare state became the object of permanent suspicion. The collective was vile, the private moral. All pretense of solidarity or social conscience was dropped, while profit and greed returned as the new cardinal virtues. The French Socialists, victorious in 1981, were plunged into this jungle unsheltered by any tariff walls. For a couple of years they vaguely tried to reconcile their alleged principles with the international rules of the game. But thereafter they too showed their zeal for the law of the jungle.

Admittedly, the open reign of the radical right is over. Ronald Reagan can now be treated retrospectively as a figure of fun. In Britain the ungrateful Tories ditched Maggie Thatcher as soon as she became an electoral burden. We are back to collaboration. The new consensus, however, is very different from its predecessor. The premises, the political framework, the climate have all been altered. The contested terrain has been shifted far to the right and the Socialist troops have lost their banner, their principles and their political perspectives. This, and not the Urbatechnic affair, is the reason that Socialist Party militants in France are commemorating the anniversary in a mood of mourning rather than celebration.

The fraudulent financing of political parties, after all, has become second nature in France. As electoral costs soared, funding schemes multiplied, but all of them were based on roughly the same principle. You required a friendly firm or financial company. Then, when a town council under your political control decided to build a housing project, a school or a stadium, the company would inflate the bills and hand you back—or split—the difference. Complicated networks were built on this foundation; the Urbatechnic company, which is now under investigation, was allegedly at the heart of the Socialists' scheme. But each party had its own devices. The procedure was so common that, when a bill was introduced last year for the public financing of political parties, it was coupled with an amnesty for past frauds (unkind souls claimed that the bill was actually sponsored to justify the amnesty). The new legislation, incidentally, will not eliminate financial bias from elections. To cut out that kind of corruption, here as elsewhere, would mean a more drastic reduction in the ceiling for electoral expenses and strict policing of these rules. Even then . . .

The link between money and politics is a fascinating subject, but one that is likely to lead us astray. If Socialist activists feel ill at ease, it is not because their leaders have been found to have dirt on their hands but because they themselves no longer have a moral leg to stand on. Ten years ago they

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began with a splendid slogan, borrowed from the 1960s: *changer la vie*—change life. Soon they had to scale this down to the defense of the living standards of the poorer sections of the population. This in turn was then abandoned, allegedly for the sake of the struggle against unemployment. Now, with the jobless accounting for nearly 10 percent of the labor force, the militants must wonder where they differ fundamentally from the other side. They came to make history and have learned only how to make money.

Ten years ago, when the left finally came into office, they thought in terms of a new deal and of new forms of political action. They had contempt for their professional right-wing predecessors. Now, with both sides tarnished by scandal, they see them as a mirror image, as brothers in hypocrisy and fellow accomplices. This is why, while the leaders jockey for position in the Mitterrand succession stakes, the rank and file are, to say the least, perturbed.

After what has happened in the Eastern bloc, nobody will buy socialist pie in the sky.

Obviously, it is not all Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Even in the United States the two parties do represent differing interests. But the U.S. pattern is spreading to Western Europe, and with it the American disease of abstentionism. Considering that there is less and less to choose between the likely winners, or winning coalitions, the Western Europeans, traditionally heavy voters, are gradually losing the habit. This U.S.-style conservative consensus is a relatively new phenomenon in Europe, where it brings about contradictory reactions, some of them highly disturbing but others possibly more hopeful.

Potentially most dangerous is the rise of the extreme right. When people squeezed by circumstances are not offered rational radical solutions, they will opt for irrational ones and listen to rabble-rousers pandering to the lowest prejudices. The rise of Jean-Marie Le Pen and his xenophobic National Front, which still claims the support of 10-15 percent of the French electorate, is the best-known example. A more recent case, in Italy, is the birth of the Lombard League and other right-wing "leagues," which shows, incidentally, that the hated alien need not be an actual foreigner but may be a compatriot from another province—in the Italian case a southerner come north [see "Italy Makes a Wrong Turn," May 28, 1990]. Both cases are reminders of the fragility of our democracy. It is not only in Eastern Europe that ghosts from the past haunt the stage; given a severe enough economic crisis, our own societies could once again run amok.

More encouraging are the relatively good scores of the Greens throughout Western Europe, although admittedly they have come only in opinion surveys and unimportant, rather than crucial, elections. This sympathy reflects more than just a healthy, if belated, concern for the environment. With the Communists found guilty by association and the Socialists by co-optation, the Greens constitute the only party that appears to be thinking of different politics and alternative solutions. Their popularity confirms the failure of the left in both its incarnations. The classical dilemma of socialism has always been that it must struggle within the framework of existing society to offer solutions that ultimately lead beyond that framework. It is this second dimension, the vision of a different society, that is now absent, and it will be all the more difficult to resurrect, since the projection will have to be very concrete. After what has happened in the Eastern bloc, nobody will buy socialist pie in the sky.

Times, then, are tough. Nevertheless, there are signs of some resistance to the "normalization" of Europe. To give but a couple of recent examples: In Italy, the Communist Party's change of name at its Rimini congress in February was a symbol of its final conversion to consensus politics. The operation worked smoothly. Very few important figures decided to leave the party, and those who did, like Sergio Garavini, decided to form not a party but a loose grouping, the Rifondazione Comunista, and wait for better times. They were in for a surprise: Demands for membership flooded in—about 150,000 by the end of April. On second thought this massive exodus may not be so surprising. In its new, Americanized incarnation, the former C.P. must become an efficient electoral machine; it has room for clever operators but not for militants eager to work at the grass roots.

The French example is more modest. In April a joint manifesto was published by the so-called "reformers"—that is, Communists who remain in the party but are in fundamental disagreement with its leadership, and other leftists, notably Socialists at odds with their party, especially over its role in the Persian Gulf war. This is not even an attempt to create the embryo of a movement. It is simply an effort by some fairly prominent politicians, aware that their respective parties are heading for a dead end, to get together and debate the prospects of the left in today's dramatically changed surroundings, and to ask, What growth? For what purpose? In which environment? The authors seem prepared for agonizing revisions but apparently are not ready to betray their principles, since their ultimate stated purpose is "to conceive a postcapitalist age of democracy."

Throughout Western Europe the tasks that now face would-be reformers are much larger than their numbers. The most worrying thing is not that the past ten years drove the left politically backward, even if we did win some elections. That was to be expected. Everything in our society—the weight of the past, the institutions, the power of the media—is designed to perpetuate the status quo. In historical terms, conservative periods are the rule and radical breaks an exception. Yet it is during these apparent doldrums that the mole should dig underneath, that the left should develop people's political consciousness and prepare solutions so that when the time comes, the result is not a purposeless explosion or a wasted vote. It is this that has not happened. Now, with one model shattered and the other bankrupt, the Western European left has a particularly big task ahead if it wants to avoid many unhappy returns and an American future. □

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MEXICAN TRADE BILL

Fast Track to Unemployment

AMY LOWREY AND DAVID CORN

Class warfare is raging on Capitol Hill—but not under that name. It's called the debate over free trade with Mexico. President Bush is negotiating an agreement with Mexico that would remove existing trade barriers. The pact he is angling for would eliminate the few tariffs left on American imports, allow U.S. corporations full ownership of companies in Mexico and grant U.S. financial services greater access to Mexican markets. Lifting restrictions on foreign business ownership will open the floodgates for U.S. manufacturers who want to locate plants in Mexico.

Bush has been bargaining with Mexico under "fast track" authority, a power Congress delegates to the President to ease trade deliberations. It enables the President to negotiate a treaty that cannot be amended by the Senate. In 1988 Congress permitted Bush to ride the fast track for three years, but that was not enough time, so Bush has requested a two-year extension, which he will automatically receive unless either house of Congress denies it by June 1. Fast track has become the most contentious issue before Congress; no other legislative matter has generated as many hearings. Although some on Capitol Hill are alarmed by the prospect of Bush single-handedly shaping an accord that would affect so many industries and individuals, it appears that lawmakers will yield the fast lane to the President.

Outside Congress, fast-track negotiations with Mexico have spawned pockets of opposition rather than a broad coalition. Labor unions, including the electricians, the garment workers, the autoworkers and the A.F.L.-C.I.O. itself, rightly worry about the loss of jobs through increased factory flight to the land of cheap labor. They also warn of increased exploitation of Mexican workers, particularly children. Labor is joined by some lawmakers from manufacturing states—including Jesse Helms, no friend of unions—who fear the loss of textile jobs.

Environmental groups such as Friends of the Earth, the Sierra Club and the National Toxics Campaign fret that an expansion of factories in Mexico will create more pollution there, some of which will travel across the border. Environmentalists and consumer advocates—Ralph Nader's Public Citizen among them—point out that free trade is sometimes used as a cover for deregulation. For example, Canada employed its free-trade agreement with the United States to challenge the U.S. asbestos control program. Tainted Canadian meat, including pork with pus-filled abscesses and potentially deadly bacteria, now enters the United States because Canadian exporters successfully claimed that U.S. meat inspection is a trade barrier. The United States, for its part, criticized Canadian acid rain pollution laws as an unfair trading practice.

Amy Lowrey is a Nation *intern.*

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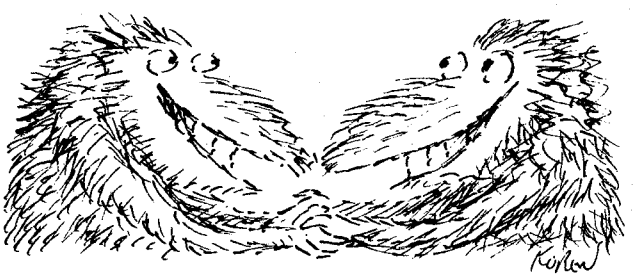

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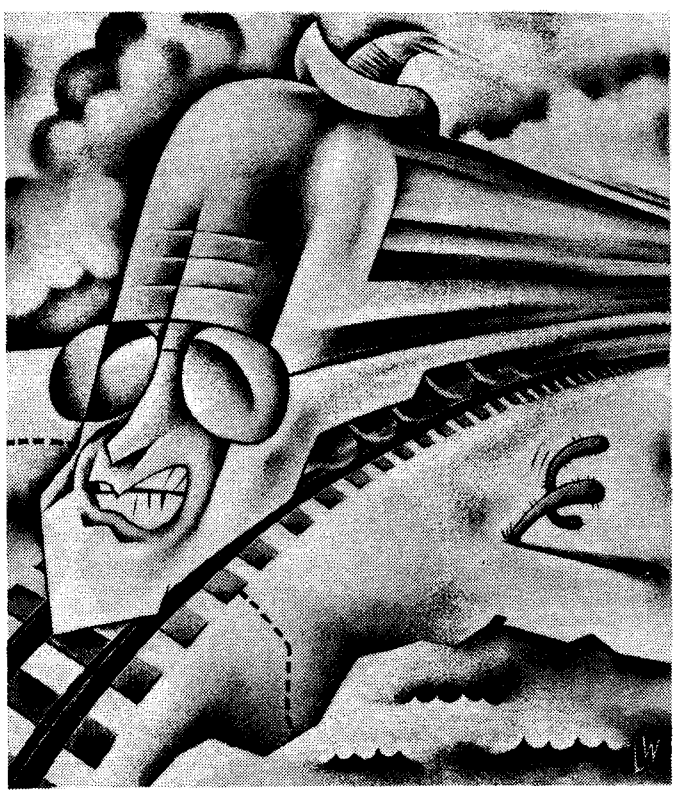
In the context of free-trade negotiations, Mexico has asked the Bush Administration to lift the embargo that limits the importation of tuna caught with methods that kill dolphins.

The vociferous objections of the unions, environmentalists and consumer groups have won much media attention. Less sensational but just as significant is the overall impact on the U.S. economy that will likely come from a Bush-negotiated trade pact.

Carla Hills, the U.S. Trade Representative, has been scurrying from one hearing to the next extolling the wonders of an agreement. Eliminating the remaining tariffs and restrictions, she says, will create a wealth of new business opportunities for U.S. exporters, service industries and investors. It will allow U.S. firms to sink their teeth into Mexican markets. No doubt this will be a good deal for the upper echelons of the manufacturing and financial services sectors. But the question remains, How good is the pact for the rest of the United States? A report by the U.S. International Trade Commission (I.T.C.) notes that the general benefits for the U.S. economy of a free-trade pact with Mexico would be small in the "near to medium term." No problem, says Hills, the check's in the mail. That is, the gains will come further down the road—after each American industry affected by the pact goes through its own transition period.

Hills has good reason to be so vague. The free-trade issue is really about winners and losers. And it's not in the Administration's interest to let everyone know the score. Under questioning from skeptical members of Congress, Hills has admitted that some jobs would be lost when corporations moved U.S.-based plants to Mexico, where the average wage is, according to conservative estimates, one-seventh the U.S. level. But this competition with Mexico, she contends, would "push our work force up the skill ladder." How would that happen? She doesn't say.



Would workers who once welded automobile frames become car designers? Even if that is what she has in mind, such a transition would require extensive worker retraining. And the record of the Reagan and Bush administrations does not offer much hope that such programs will materialize. American workers who lost their jobs to foreign competition in the early 1980s typically remained unemployed or were shunted into lower-skilled jobs at lower pay. In this year's budget the Bush Administration has slashed funds for dislocated workers.

Jeff Faux, president of the progressive Economic Policy Institute, who has been dogging Hills at Congressional hearings, presents a bleaker picture. The losers would not be limited to those employed by companies that shift assembly jobs to Mexico. According to the I.T.C.'s own data, Faux discovered, the net effect of free trade would be a shift of income from the bottom three-fourths of the American work force to the wealthiest one-fourth.

The institute predicts that a treaty would mean fewer new plants built in the United States. Fewer jobs would be created, and increased competition for jobs would mean lower wages. Those hit hardest by this trend, Faux estimates, would be the roughly 75 percent of the U.S. work force who do not hold college degrees. White-collar Americans, however, would likely benefit from the lower prices resulting from the free-trade agreement. Major corporations would make higher profits from increased access to Mexico. New cars should cost less.

Such voices of corporate America as the Chamber of Commerce, the Business Roundtable and the National Association of Manufacturers contend that in order for U.S. industry to be globally competitive, it must cut production costs, which means it needs to secure greater access to low-paid campesinos. Business groups argue that an agreement with Mexico will at least keep production jobs in this hemisphere—instead of moving them to Asia—and will preserve a market for American products, even if the new buyers are poorly paid Mexicans.

This is a poor route to competitiveness. Rather than taking the low road of cutting labor costs, which would erode the wages of American workers and do nothing to improve the quality of goods, American industry could try a high-road strategy of improving U.S. competitiveness through more efficient production of high-quality products. Such an approach, which stresses innovation and technology, would maintain decent standards of living for workers. A free-trade pact that encourages U.S. companies to take the easy path of exploiting Mexican wages (and the lax enforcement of environmental and labor regulations there) would drive U.S. living standards in the direction of Mexico's. United States industrial policy should not depend on desperate foreign workers who accept 60 cents an hour but on home-grown innovation and a highly skilled and motivated work force—from the corporate suites to the shop floor.

With the emergence of a global economy, trade barriers have indeed become harder to maintain and justify. But the response should not be a policy of anything goes. A socially conscientious pact would include measures to protect the environment, wage levels and working conditions. It would also include worker retraining provisions, enhance consumer safe-

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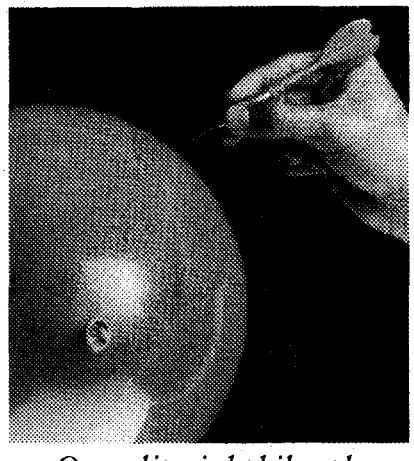

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ty and take on the knotty issue of Mexico's $95 billion debt, the real obstacle to that nation's development. The problem is, such an accord could be negotiated only by an administration that has as much empathy for American workers as it does for corporate managers, and that has some notion of how to make the U.S. and global economies work effectively and fairly. And that is not a track Bush is on. □

High-Death

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

vehicles, and kill or maim military personnel. Many casualties were also produced by "collateral damage"—bombs or missiles that missed their intended targets and exploded among civilians instead.

Although the effects of these attacks may never be fully known, a frightening impression is provided by the report of a United Nations observation team that visited Baghdad shortly after the war. "Nothing that we had seen or read quite prepared us for the particular form of devastation which has now befallen the country," the team reported on March 21. "The recent conflict has wrought near-apocalyptical results on the infrastructure of what had been, until January 1991, a rather highly urbanized and mechanized society. Now, most means of modern life support have been destroyed or rendered tenuous."

Baghdad, moreover, was spared the heaviest bombing—far heavier loads of ordnance were dropped on Iraqi troop positions in Kuwait and along the Saudi border [see Erika Munk, "The New Face of Techno-war," May 6]. Most of the heavy bombing by attack planes and B-52s, as well as all of the rocket and artillery barrages, were directed against these frontline positions. In the final hours of the war, U.S. aircraft systematically bombed and strafed a thirty-mile column of fleeing Iraqi troops on the "highway of death" from Kuwait City to Basra, killing thousands. "It was close to Armageddon," said one U.S. Air Force officer who witnessed the slaughter.

This carnage was necessary, U.S. officials argued, to cripple the Iraqi Army and to prevent Iraq from ever again exerting a hegemonic role in the gulf area. As President Bush stated on January 16 in the first public announcement of the air campaign, "We are determined to knock out Saddam Hussein's nuclear bomb potential. We will also destroy his chemical weapons facilities. Much of Saddam's artillery and tanks will be destroyed."

In accordance with these edicts, U.S. and allied forces conducted a systematic bombing campaign against military installations, munitions plants and research laboratories in Iraq. Also attacked were facilities that would be needed to rebuild Iraqi military capabilities after the war: electric power plants, highways, factories and oil refineries. And, of course, the human element of the Iraqi war machine was targeted for destruction—especially senior military officers and the elite units of the Republican Guard.

The concentrated use of firepower had another strategic objective: to break the will of Iraqi resistance quickly, and thus avoid a long-drawn-out war like Vietnam that would generate widespread opposition at home. In this sense, the relentless pounding of Iraqi positions was as much a response to the still-potent "Vietnam syndrome" as it was to military conditions in the gulf.

"This will not be another Vietnam," Bush pledged on November 30, 1990. "If one American soldier has to go into battle, that soldier will have enough force behind him to win. . . . I will never, ever agree to a halfway effort."

In line with this outlook, Gen. Norman Schwarzkopf and his associates were instructed to employ whatever force was needed to produce a rapid and conclusive victory. And while the use of nuclear arms was excluded, Schwarzkopf was allowed to use any other weapons in the U.S. arsenal, including powerful new munitions designed for an all-out war with the Soviet Union.

In a war in Europe against the U.S.S.R., the United States and NATO would very likely have drawn on their stockpile of tactical nuclear weapons. But the use of nuclear weapons against a Third World country in 1991, in the absence of a demonstrated nuclear threat, would have produced international revulsion and undermined U.S. strategic objectives. Hence the decision by the Bush Administration to rely on a new generation of conventional weapons and to eschew the nuclear option. The fact that U.S. and allied forces were equipped with conventional weapons with near-nuclear destructive capabilities made it far easier, of course, for President Bush to order a ban on nuclear weapons.

The development of conventional weapons of near-nuclear destructiveness grew out of a critical paradox that confronted U.S. and NATO officials in the late 1970s and early 1980s: On the one hand, European and American voters were unwilling to shoulder the immense costs of enlarging the NATO ground forces in order to match improvements in Warsaw Pact capabilities. On the other, Europeans and Americans were calling for diminished reliance on the nuclear weapons that had long constituted the West's counterweight to the superior numbers of Eastern bloc conventional forces. This contradiction left U.S. military planners with but one choice, as they saw it—to develop conventional weapons with an impact comparable to tactical nuclear weapons.

Such weapons were especially needed, in the military's view, to attack "high value" targets in the enemy's rear—such facilities as command-and-control centers, radar stations, air bases, river crossings and tank formations. To destroy these capabilities, NATO officials called for the development of two types of advanced munitions: first, highly accurate "smart" bombs and missiles capable of striking critical "point" targets (radar sites, underground bunkers, bridges and so on) with great precision; and second, wide-area munitions capable of engulfing large facilities (airfields, vehicle

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ENTRY DEADLINE: JUNE 29, 1991

PURPOSE: *The Nation* magazine/I.F. Stone Award recognizes excellence in student journalism. Entries should exhibit the uniquely independent journalistic tradition of I.F. Stone. A self-described "Jeffersonian Marxist," Stone combined progressive politics, investigative zeal and a compulsion to tell the truth with a commitment to human rights and the exposure of injustice. As Washington editor of *The Nation* and founder of the legendary *I.F. Stone's Weekly,* he specialized in publishing information ignored by the mainstream media (which he often found in *The Congressional Record* and other public documents overlooked by the big-circulation dailies).

ELIGIBILITY: The contest is open to all undergraduate students enrolled in a U.S. college. Articles may be submitted by the writers themselves or nominated by editors of student publications or faculty members. While entries originally published in student publications are preferred, all articles will be considered provided they were not written as part of a student's regular course work.

THE PRIZE: The article that, in the opinion of the judges, represents the most outstanding example of student journalism in the tradition of I.F. Stone will be published in a fall issue of *The Nation*. The winner will receive a cash award of $500. *The Nation* reserves the right to edit the winning article to conform to the space limitations of the magazine. Announcement of the winning article will be made in *The Nation* in the fall of 1991.

DEADLINE: All entries must be postmarked by June 29, 1991.

ENTRY RULES:

All entries must have been written or published between September 1, 1990, and June 29, 1991. Tear sheets or photocopies are acceptable.

Each writer, editor of a student publication or faculty member may submit up to three separate entries. A series of related articles will be considered as a single entry. Investigative articles are particularly encouraged. There are no restrictions as to scope, content or length.

Accompanying material in support of entries is not required, but entrants are encouraged to submit a cover letter explaining the context of the submitted story, along with a brief biographical note about the author. Elaborate presentations are neither required nor desired. Entries will not be returned.

Judges reserve the right to authenticate, accept or disallow entries at their discretion. The decision of the judges is final.

All entries must include the writer's school, home address and telephone number.

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parks, railroad yards) with deadly shrapnel and explosives.

At a time when European and American public opinion was turning more and more strongly against NATO's reliance on nuclear weapons, the introduction of such weapons was seen as a major priority. "A series of conventional initiatives resulting from U.S. investment in research and development offers the opportunity to reduce reliance on nuclear weapons," the House Armed Services Committee affirmed in 1983. "These initiatives, based upon newly-developed technologies, provide the capability to engage military targets with conventional weapons that *previously could be effectively engaged only with nuclear weapons*." [Emphasis added.]

The upshot was that in January, when Desert Storm commenced, U.S. and allied forces were able to draw on an impressive arsenal of extremely potent conventional weapons developed or improved for NATO operations against the Soviet Union. Some of these weapons, never before used in combat and still considered experimental, were rushed to the gulf in order to be tested under battlefield conditions. Among the most awesome were:

§ Multiple-Launch Rocket System (M.L.R.S.). Introduced in 1983 and first used in battle in the Persian Gulf, the M.L.R.S. is a mobile, boxlike container that can hurl a dozen rockets armed with hundreds of individual "bomblets" up to twenty miles. According to the Defense Department, "A single launcher can fire its load of 12 rockets in less than a minute, covering an area the size of six football fields with approximately 7,700 grenade-like submunitions effective against both personnel and lightly-armored targets." During Operation Desert Storm, dozens of these launchers were often used simultaneously, spewing a lethal shower of explosive bomblets—dubbed "steel rain" by U.S. soldiers—over city-sized areas. First produced in the United States, M.L.R.S. is now being "co-produced" in France, Germany, Italy and Britain (prime contractor: LTV Aerospace; cost: $100,000 per missile, or $1.2 million per twelve-shot salvo).

§ Army Tactical Missile System (ATACM). This system was developed by the Army in the 1980s to provide frontline NATO forces with a surface-to-surface missile capable of striking Warsaw Pact bases and facilities deep inside enemy territory. ATACMs are designed to be fired from an M.L.R.S. launch canister, have a range of approximately sixty-five miles and carry a payload of some 950 antipersonnel bomblets. Although still in their test and evaluation phase in late 1990, the missiles were rushed to the Persian Gulf and used for strikes against rear-area Iraqi forces and installations (prime contractor: LTV Aerospace; cost: $615,000 per missile).

§ Tomahawk. This is a sea-launched cruise missile designed for attacks on ships and high-value inland targets. The land-attack version of Tomahawk that was used in the gulf has a range of about 700 nautical miles, carries a 1,000-pound warhead and can be fired from surface ships and submarines.

According to the Defense Department, approximately 240 Tomahawks were fired at Iraqi forces during the first two weeks of the war, representing one-fourth of the total U.S. inventory of these missiles. Although described as highly effective in strikes against heavily defended "point" targets such as nuclear reactors, power stations and military headquarters, several Tomahawks reportedly missed their targets and hit civilian structures in populated areas. A more advanced version of this type is now in development (prime contractors: General Dynamics and McDonnell-Douglas; cost: $1.4 million per missile).

§ Standoff Land-Attack Missile (SLAM). An aircraft-fired missile with a range of sixty nautical miles and a 500-pound warhead, SLAM carries a "Walleye" video data link in its nose cone, allowing a pilot to maneuver the missile directly toward its target while remaining at "standoff" distances beyond the range of enemy air-defense systems. Like ATACM, SLAM was still in its final test and evaluation phase when Desert Storm commenced and was rushed to the gulf on the eve of war. SLAM was used for strikes against Iraqi naval bases and power stations (prime contractor: McDonnell-Douglas; cost: $1.1 million per missile).

§ Laser-guided bomb (L.G.B.). Familiar to millions of Americans because of the extensive television coverage of its effects, the GBU-10 "Paveway-II" laser-guided bomb was aimed at Iraqi military bases and facilities, including some in downtown Baghdad. The 2,000-pound bomb carries a "laser seeker" that homes in on a laser beam directed at the target by a crew member on the launching aircraft or an accompanying plane. Other L.G.B.s used during the war include the 500-pound GBU-12 and the 2,000-pound GBU-24. Although U.S. officials boasted of their pinpoint accuracy, the L.G.B.s frequently missed their targets, striking nearby structures and producing many of the civilian casualties suffered during the war.

§ Fuel-air explosive (F.A.E.). One of the most potent weapons used in the Persian Gulf conflict, fuel-air explosives have come to replace tactical nuclear munitions as the preferred weapon for attacking dug-in troops and heavy fortifications.

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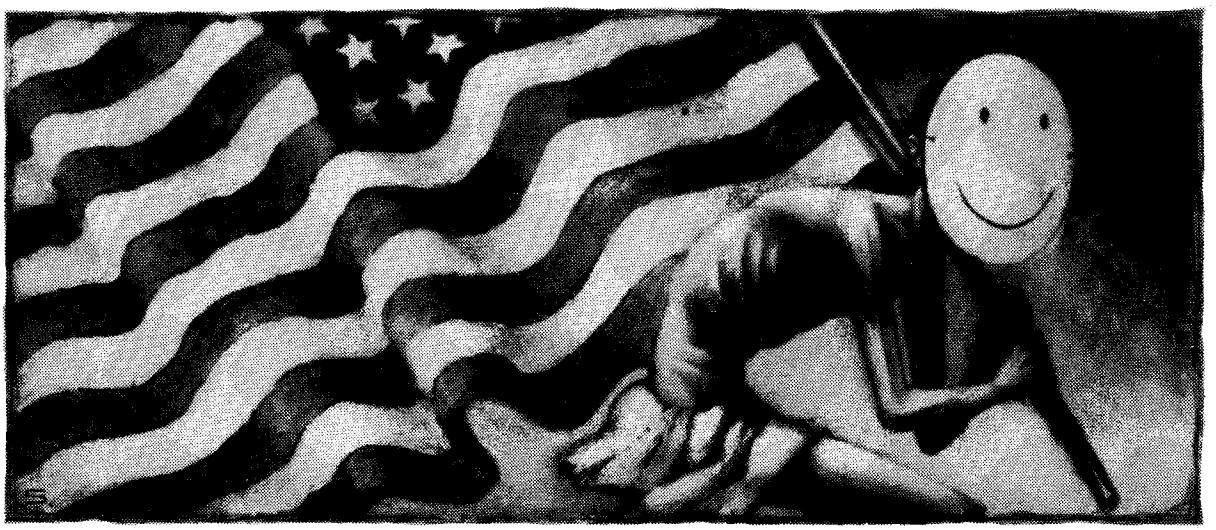
An exhibition celebrating the 125th anniversary of The Nation magazine



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This exhibition, which originated at Columbia University, has been made possible with the aid of a grant from the Swann Foundation for Caricature and Cartoon.

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Essentially, F.A.E.s are large bombs filled with highly volatile fuels (ethylene oxide, propylene oxide, butane and propane, among others) and an explosive charge. When dropped over the target area, the fuels are released in a cloud over the target. When the charge is ignited, the vapor cloud explodes in a massive fireball that engulfs everything within several hundred square yards. Any human caught in this area is likely to be incinerated by flame, asphyxiated from lack of oxygen or crushed by falling structures.

An impression of these weapons' awesome potential is provided by a recent C.I.A. report: "When detonation occurs, an overpressure is created that can reach 420 pounds per square inch in the cloud's center. As the explosive wave burns toward its fringes, it is accompanied by a supersonic pressure front that moves at up to 1,825 meters per second—about six times the speed of sound [creating a force sufficient to crush fortified bunkers]. . . . When the fuel is burned, the wave front travels on, creating overpressures of enormous destructive potential over considerable distances. *The pressure effects of FAEs approach those produced by low-yield nuclear weapons at short ranges.*" [Emphasis added.]

The most potent weapon of this type is the BLU-82/B "Daisy Cutter," a 15,000-pound bomb filled with an aqueous mixture of ammonium nitrate, aluminum powder and polystyrene soap (as a binder). Too heavy to be carried by conventional aircraft, the BLU-82/B (also known as "Big Blue 82") had to be pushed out of specially fitted C-130s flown by Special Operations personnel.

§ Cluster bomb unit (C.B.U.). Other than ordinary high-explosive iron bombs, the most widely used air-delivered weapons in Operation Desert Storm were cluster bomb units of various types. Typically, C.B.U.s consist of a large bomblike metal casing that splits open over the target, spewing out dozens or hundreds of anti-armor and/or antipersonnel bomblets or submunitions. By releasing these bomblets in a controlled manner, a single C.B.U. can inundate a very large area (several football fields in size) with a lethal deluge of razor-sharp metal fragments. Soldiers and civilians unfortunate enough to be caught in this volley are literally cut to pieces.

According to one Air Force official, the CBU-87/B Combined Effects Munition was the "weapon of choice" against dug-in Republican Guard units because each of its 202 bomblets contains an explosive charge that is effective against tanks, as well as metal fragments and an incendiary device effective against humans. Other C.B.U.s used in the gulf war include the CBU-52 (with 254 submunitions), the CBU-58 (with 650 submunitions) and the Mark-20 Rockeye-II (with 717 antitank submunitions). C.B.U.s were dropped on Iraqi troops fleeing Kuwait via the "highway of death," causing thousands of casualties.

Similar weapons were used by other members of the anti-Iraq coalition. The most common British C.B.U. is the Hunting Engineering BL-755 cluster bomb, which fires 147 submunitions, each of which produces some 2,000 high-velocity antipersonnel steel fragments. French C.B.U.s include the Thompson-Brandt BM-400 (which can inundate a 60,000-square-meter area with lethal steel fragments) and the smaller BLG-66 Belouga. Also worthy of note is the British JP-233 runway attack C.B.U. system, which was targeted on Iraqi airfields.

§ Penetration bomb. In an effort to cripple enemy defenses, U.S. forces attempted the "decapitation" of the Iraqi military by killing senior officers through bombing and missile attacks on underground "command and control" centers in Baghdad. A family of specialized weapons known as "penetration bombs" because of their ability to punch through thick layers of earth and concrete before exploding was employed. At least two new bombs of this type were used in the gulf war: the 2,000-pound GBU-17 and the 4,700-pound GBU-28. The GBU-27 has a Paveway-III laser guidance unit and an I-2000 penetrator warhead; designed specifically for the F-117 Stealth bomber, it was involved in the February 13 attack on an underground shelter in Baghdad that killed hundreds of civilians. The heavier GBU-28, made up of eight-inch howitzer tubes, was developed during the course of the war and rushed to the gulf in the final days of combat; it was used in attacks on an underground command center on the outskirts of Baghdad.

In light of the Persian Gulf experience, many countries, including the Soviet Union and China, have begun to develop new high-tech weapons like those used by U.S. and allied forces during Desert Storm. Several Third World countries, and Israel and Brazil, have also begun to manufacture high-tech conventional weapons, and others are likely to follow in the coming years, sparking a new conventional arms race.

For those nations with access to the critical technology—the United States, Britain, France and Germany—such a contest may not appear particularly threatening. But as the technology spreads to other countries, which it surely will, the proliferation of high-tech conventional weapons will pose significant risks to many nations. Future wars fought between comparably equipped high-tech forces are likely to result in terrifying levels of death and destruction on all sides, irrespective of the outcome of the conflict.

While the world has placed strong moral inhibitions on the use of nuclear and chemical weapons, few restraints govern the newer conventional weapons. Yet, as demonstrated by the gulf conflict, they can produce levels of death and destruction comparable to that wreaked by low-yield tactical nuclear weapons. Recognizing this potential, British historian John Keegan wrote in a 1983 article on the new NATO strategy that "a high-intensity conventional war and a low-intensity nuclear war might inflict very much the same level of damage on any given piece of inhabited landscape."

Although some U.S. and European leaders have expressed qualms about the one-sided nature of the slaughter in the gulf, most Americans approved the use of high-impact conventional weapons against Iraq and seem willing to support the continued development and procurement of such munitions. In order to get people to confront the moral issues raised by the introduction of high-tech conventional weapons and their use in defense of a "new world order," these weapons must first be stripped of their gee-whiz appeal and seen as what they truly are—highly effective killing instruments that are designed to produce nuclearlike levels of destruction without arousing popular revulsion. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Art for Activism's Sake

ARTHUR C. DANTO

The 1991 Whitney Biennial

I had an instructive encounter on a return visit to the latest Whitney Biennial, which I was trying to bring into critical focus. As a general rule, I am as interested in learning what I can of the public's responses to a difficult exhibition as I am in testing my own earlier responses to it, but it rarely happens that the public declares itself so directly as on the present occasion. The encounter took place on the museum's lower level, just outside the dining area, where I was looking in a desultory way at a kind of painting executed on the east wall by Jessica Diamond. It consisted of a large rectangle of an uningratiating green—the green of newts or of slime mold, of bile or of reformatory walls—on which the artist had dashed off a text in crude, uneven letters. "What *is* that?" a scornful and indignant voice exclaimed. I ventured to identify it as a piece of activist art. Under a headline that read "No Inside, No Outside/No Job Well Done" there was a listing of various foul-ups of the present age: oil spills, crashes, meltdowns, emissions. And beneath these Diamond had written, "Just the Top Forty." It was like a latter-day Leporello cataloguing failures. "It is not activist and it is not art," the stranger said flatly. "In fact, I am going to deface it. I'm just going to take my lipstick out and write all over it, the way they want us to." She looked at me conspiratorially and added, "I really will if you dare me to." I thought such a gesture might create some badly needed excitement for the show—more, certainly, than the fact that, as I had been told, someone had stolen the teddy bear from the installation on AIDS by Group Material in the lobby gallery, since the culprit there may only have been one of the second-graders I saw trailing through the display. But I was disinclined to be an accessory to an act of aesthetic vandalism, which is not my style of art criticism. "*Nation* Critic Incites Angry Aesthete to Graphic Riot" would no doubt do my reputation a world of good, splashed across the front page of the *Post*, but I let fate pass me by. Every critic has some technique of evaporating in awkward social encounters, as when challenged to defend a recent column or perhaps to define art. So I slowly dematerialized, leaving my fierce companion to consult her conscience. She was a well-dressed and cultivated woman, and her response was an index of how thin the atmosphere of respect toward art is beginning to grow in our museums of advanced art.

The response was an index of how thin the atmosphere of respect toward art is beginning to grow in our museums.

I had little doubt that it *was* art. For one thing, it embodied its own content in that it was sloppily enough done that, if not among the Top Forty agonies of a collapsing world, it belonged somewhere on its own list. So it was self-referential in the accepted postmodern manner, presenting itself as an example of what it was about—perhaps the kind of painting deserved by a world that has so forsaken the ethics of workmanship that no job, inside or out, is any longer well done. And, because it moralized through self-exemplification, the painting might be activist enough to issue an injunction to "shape up." The interpretation might be taken even further. By cagily embodying its moralistic message, perhaps the work is *well* done (not, certainly, as painting, but perhaps as art: Its goodness depends upon its badness). The badness might be in the eye of the beholder, but only because the artist had planted it there, by an aesthetic blow. My companion had clearly responded as to a sock in the eye, and she felt victimized. Her impulse was to strike back. And here, I think, the work failed, if not as art, then as activism. An activist art should fulfill itself through convincing those it reaches to attack its targets, not itself. There is a sad lesson that activist artists must sooner or later learn: The goodness of the messages of art does not translate into goodness of art.

There is a corollary. If an activist artist is sufficiently exercised about a cause to want to advance it through art, and sufficiently moved by the sad lesson just cited to want to make her art good in proportion to her message's urgency, then she faces the decision of whether the energy required to do this might not be better spent in attacking the issue directly. But this perhaps explains why a secondary message is sent by the artistic crudeness of so much activist art, the artist in fact implying that there are more urgent matters, calling for more immediate interventions, than applying aesthetic polish to the vehicle through which the message—Don't just stand there admiring, do something!—is advanced. So formal values become the enemy of political ones. This is perhaps the secondary message of Group Material's *AIDS Timeline*, whose format is that of the elementary-school project, wherein the gallery is transformed into a kind of schoolroom, with posters and displays advancing the theme. That theme is the incremental increases in the epidemic that ravages the art world. It is a terrible message. Will it be mitigated by a poster of Jesse Helms as a farmyard animal? Perhaps the classroom project is the best the art world can come up with at the moment, suggesting that the artists are engaged in AIDS activism and have no time for more. Or perhaps the art world has not yet found the form for responding artistically to the disease.

There are many differences between us and the residents of Florence and Siena in the fourteenth century, but there are a good many similarities as well. Theirs also, in the words of art historian Millard Miess, was an experience of "economic failure, pestilence, and social conflict." And there were those, like the master Taddeo Gaddi, who said of the art of the time that it "has grown and continues to grow worse day by day"—a sentiment not foreign to critical lips today. In part, the art to which Gaddi referred was that which sought to be responsive to the harsh realities of trecento Tuscany, and which certainly, as we have learned from Miess's great work *Painting in Florence and Siena after the Black Death*, could have been perceived as an almost unthinkable falling off from standards attained by Giotto, who had died about fifty years before Gaddi's sour assessment was published (this was in 1390). What Miess demonstrates is that the advanced artists of the trecento's *fin de siècle*

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had evolved a form of expression meant to be responsive to the terrible plague that had ravaged the population: In the summer of 1348, more than half of Tuscany's inhabitants died of bubonic plague. We of course know a great deal more about the provenance of our plague than they did about theirs, but apart from safe sex we have as yet no clear way of dealing with it. They were pious folk, and saw divine displeasure where we see the effects of a retrovirus. Making art is perhaps the closest we can come to acknowledging our frustrations in a ceremonial fashion, and though the distance is astronomical between the Strozzi Altarpiece by Orcagna, the greatest artist of the age, and *AIDS Timeline* by the collaborative Group Material, the impulses of the two works are almost parallel. And the artistic intentions are at least analogous. Orcagna's altarpiece was propitiatory and was accordingly a form of activist art suitable to its age, since it was enacted on behalf of a suffering population that knew nothing better than to placate God in times of trial. It is of course beautiful, as propitiatory gestures are required to be: The Homeric heroes always sought to please the gods with the fattest bits of slaughtered animals. *AIDS Timeline* is certainly not beautiful, nor is it in the least apologetic. It is angry, ugly and aggressive. It blames an indifferent society for the illness it seeks to represent. This, too, is activist, for it means to provoke the society into doing something. Its scruffiness is the emblem of its rage. But then, as happened with my companion before Jessica Diamond's piece, the artists must not be shocked if the audience is angered by it rather than by what it points to. It may be that beauty has no place in an art dedicated to AIDS, though I have been to enough funerals of people with AIDS to know that these have become an art form in their own right, often designed by the dying, who spent their last days thinking of how they wished to be memorialized. And beauty plays a great role in these moving services.

Though the two works I have discussed are located on the lower levels of the museum, Jessica Diamond and Group Material are really what we may now term Fourth Floor Artists, using the label implied by the overall design of the Biennial. The Whitney, in a gesture of institutional wholeheartedness, has given over the entirety of its exhibition space to this show, putting its permanent collection on furlough with the exception of the talismanic *Circus* by Alexander Calder. And the curators have organized the show by floors, so that the closest we can claim by way of established masters are Second Floor Artists (Johns, Rauschenberg, Kelly, Twombly and the like), while the Third Floor Artist is one who has achieved renown in the 1980s. The fourth floor houses the young, some of whom may become Third Floor Artists in a decade's time, and some even Second Floor Artists, whose works will be furloughed to make room for future Biennials, should this kind of exhibition survive. But Fourth Floorness is not merely an external matter of age and attenuated reputation. The Fourth Floor Artists have in common a certain mood as well, already sensed in the work of Diamond and of Group Material. It is a mood found in some Third Floor Artists—e.g., Robert Gober, who displays the bottom half of a human being protruding from the wall with a musical score, which I did not pause to try to hum, inscribed across the buttocks—but that does not really penetrate Second Floor sensibility. The Taddeo Gaddis among us, in walking through the exhibits of the fourth floor, may feel that we too are witnessing some terrible degeneration, and that between those of our Second Floor Artists who might be the living counterparts of Giotto or Cimabue, Bernardo Daddi or Buffalmacco, and those who are the living counterparts of Orcagna or Nardo di Cione, a loss of artistic power has taken place. But some Millard Miess of the future may instead say that the Fourth Floor Artists represent the consequences of immense social change, and that between the third and fourth floors falls a shadow not so different from that which fell in the 1340s: failing economy, pestilence, homelessness, racial malaise and the general unraveling as pathetically recorded in Jessica Diamond's work, grown suddenly affecting. The artists of the second and third floors had the luck to work in fortunate historical times.

The fourth floor enables us to put brackets around the eighties, and to see the decade as having an unsuspected unity.

Third Floor Art tends, on the whole, to be about art, and its images often have other images as their implicit content. Cindy Sherman is represented, for example, by two of her marvelous appropriations of Old Master masterpieces, in which the artist poses herself in the garments and with the accouterments of the Melun Madonna, of Jean Fouquet, or as Botticelli's Judith carrying the severed head of Holofernes (in this instance, in the ready-to-hand form of a rubber Halloween mask). Mark Tansey appropriates and thematizes a kind of laconic all-purpose illustrational style from about 1920, and his works, while in a sense realistic, are polemics against Greenbergian aesthetics. His witty *Derrida Queries de Man* places those two deconstructionists in the famous image by Sidney Paget in which Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Moriarty endeavor to deconstruct each other at Reichenbach Falls, though the precipitous world as depicted by Tansey is a text, as in a sense it is for all the Third Floorers. Richard Misrach pictures photographic reproductions of two pages of *Playboy* that had once been used for target practice, and so are full of bullet holes: An advertisement with Andy Warhol in a testimonial for Sassoon shampoo has his eye shot neatly out, and part of his nose, so it looks like a *memento mori* (and by inclination belongs on the fourth floor). Elizabeth Murray displays her familiar cartoon borrowings; Mike Kelley uses woolen dolls to whatever obscure effect; David Salle's paintings are replete with borrowed images superimposed and juxtaposed. Allen Ruppersberg has an entire frame shop as his exhibit, with images from here and there, including an advertisement that promises to make philosophy simple. Louise Lawler shows us several tinted photographs of walls of paintings and tables of sculpture. McDermott and McGough have appropriated the sepia tones of the dated photograph, showing figures who might be contemporaries of Lewis Carroll, performing simple experiments and demonstrations from the era of parlor science. Keith Haring used graffiti to promote his messages. Philip Taaffe paints patterns to advance an aesthetic that Tansey repudiates. Not all the Third Floor Artists are necessarily meta-artists, though both Jennifer Bartlett and Joseph Santore, who clearly have other agendas, are working with problems of the relationship between surface and depth. Only perhaps Eric Fischl and Ellen Phelan seem untroubled by philosophical impediments

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to painting. But in the main, the Third Floor Artist seems to be a philosopher of art, forced to reflect on matters the Second Floor Artist could take for granted. The third floor is the second raised to a level of philosophical self-consciousness.

The fourth floor could not be more different from the third, and one is grateful for the historical punctuation the device of different floors makes available. It enables us to place brackets around the eighties, and to see the decade as having an unsuspected unity: I feel I understand it better, now that it is over, and see even artists I never especially liked, like Salle, fitting into its array of options. The Fourth Floor Artist appears to have put questions about the possibility of art aside. The work seems angry or sullen, confrontational or condemnatory, arrogant and menacing and hostile.

But let me describe some examples. To the far right, as one enters the fourth floor, is an untitled waxwork by Kiki Smith consisting of two large realistic naked figures, male and female, hung from metal poles as if the displayed bodies of an executed couple, pale enough to look as if bled white. There are bloodmarks upon them here and there, but more compellingly, there are white streaks beneath the woman's breasts, meant to represent milk, and along the insides of the man's thighs, meant to represent semen. They look as helpless as meat on the table, to use an image I once read in an Arabic poem, and some strong statement seems to be made about our inhumanity to one another. Until, that is, it strikes us that the piece may embody and not just represent inhumanity, and that it is the viewer who is the victim of it. This suspicion is reinforced by the second and less ambitious piece by this certainly accomplished sculptor, which is of a female bust, but one with empty crumpled breasts, as if paper sacks hung from her chest. The waxen couple could emblematize moral victimhood but the woman with crumpled breasts is only the artist's victim—for whatever metaphor she is after, those paperlike and scrunched breasts represent nothing that can happen to flesh, for all the versatility of its sufferings. So, the bust radically diminishes the impact of the bodies, by causing them to appear the product of a warping artistic will rather than the expression of an injured moral will.

In the gallery space to one's left is an assemblage of works by Nayland Blake, which imply some form of recreational

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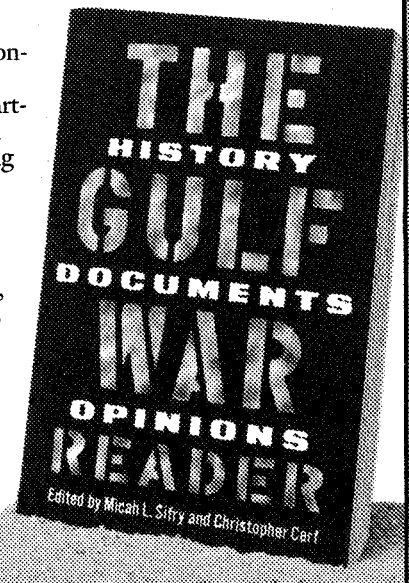

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cruelty. One is a set of ankle fetters, attached to the base of a stainless steel mirror; another is a kind of stainless steel gantry on which are displayed black leather leg pieces and a coil of heavy black rubber hose. The piece is hung round with meat cleavers. The message to the art world is that the cutting edge is the cutting edge. These are fantasy pieces of the S/M sensibility that make Mapplethorpe's photographs look as sentimental as valentines. And with their implication of torture, Blake's works form a pendant to the works of Kiki Smith, and between them they form a field of affect into which the viewer enters. Cady Noland's intolerable and patronizing exercise, "This Piece Has No Title Yet," composed of stacked Budweiser cans together with cutouts of Patty Hearst with the symbol of the Symbionese Liberation Army behind her, and of a perforated Lee Harvey Oswald, all placed in a kind of heavy chain-link enclosure, forms a third piece, and the pressure exercised by these on the remaining works on the floor inflects those with the same mood of aggressiveness patent in the three paradigm Fourth Floor works. The viewer is cast in a very different relationship to these works than to those on the other two floors. My iconoclastic companion expressed it to perfection. The viewer is put on the defensive. The viewer is a target. And since the whole fourth floor is a kind of attack, one wonders, in sustaining it, whether the works are after all not merely weapons, and the true agents of aggression the curators who chose them. The publicity for the Biennial employs the Whitney as its own logo—a silvery photograph of the building itself, sharply vignetted against white paper. No logo is semiotically innocent. Is this logo a gesture of conciliation to the "Save the Breuer" crowd or a declaration to the neighborhood that the museum has forsworn its expansionist ambitions and means to remain within its own boundaries? It was not until I read the essay by Lisa Phillips, "Culture Under Siege," that I realized that the Whitney, shown from underneath so that it looks taller than it really is and more menacing, is presenting itself as a fortress. Architecture is destiny. Of course, Breuer's inhumane construction was fortresslike all along, a kind of extruded bunker with moat and drawbridge, and windows that look like the gunports on a tank rather than openings onto the world. It is a tribute to the benign directorship of Tom Armstrong that one thought of the Whitney against the architectural grain as a place of fun. The fourth floor symbolizes culture at bay, fighting back. The visitor feels like the enemy. Guy Trebay, in *The Village Voice*, describes it as looking like a "Reverend Donald Wildmon nightmare," and goes on to fantasize "the Methodist crank trapped on Madison Avenue for a Freudian eternity." There is even a suite of photographs by Wildmon's bête noire, David Wojnarowicz, who brought a suit against Wildmon for having violated the artist's right of free expression.

On a recent Sunday, in *The New York Times*, the extraordinary Senta Driver reflected on the circumstances that have caused her to leave the world of dance. Among the complex set of causes, she cited her conflict in asking for public support when money for the arts might come at the expense of those who need it more and need it desperately. "We're being forced into the image of these people who use the money for the homeless to create art that will frighten and offend. I have found it tremendously discouraging to see how artists are hated by the general population," Driver said. "The artists have no friends anymore, except each other." This is an exaggeration, to be sure, reinforced by the intensity of her own situation. But it seemed to me to express with a chilling exactitude the spirit of Fourth Floor Art. Beyond question, art has as one of its functions the moral arousal of its audience. But at a certain point the question has to arise as to whether, if the artist cares that deeply, art is the best way of dealing with the issues. Senta Driver is leaving the field of dance to become a nurse. In any case, one feels that the social issue closest to the heart of the Fourth Floor Artist is the issue of art itself. So, in a way different from Third Floor Art, Fourth Floor Art finally is art about art: art of, by, and for artists under siege. It has constituted the Rev. Donald Wildmon the single most powerful artistic influence of the moment—a distinction he perhaps deserves.

The 1991 Whitney Biennial (which closes on June 16) cannot in any sense be said, as the headline to the *Times* review of the exhibition put it, to be "A Biennial That's Eager to Please." If anything, it is eager not to please. But for just that reason, it is the most serious Biennial I have seen, raising the hardest questions that can be raised about art today and making us face the hardest truths. It does a great deal more than show what is happening in art:

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It shows what is happening to art in a world in which we are all players. You owe it to yourself to visit the show and make up your own mind.

The afternoon of the press opening, I attended with special eagerness, after the experiences of the Biennial, an exhibition of work by M.F.A. students of the school of painting and sculpture at Columbia University. I thought I would steal a march on the future and see what the Fourth Floor Artists of the coming decade are likely to show us. It may come as welcome news that the next generation's heart seems altogether to be with the Second Floor Artists. □

Two Good Men

MARTIN BLATT

SACCO AND VANZETTI: The Anarchist Background. *By Paul Avrich. Princeton. 265 pp. $24.95.*

Like the Rosenbergs or the Haymarket martyrs, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti have become larger-than-life figures. In the 1920s, for many working people throughout the United States and abroad, the defense of Sacco and Vanzetti, who were convicted of robbery and murder in 1921, served as a rallying cry against the brutality of American capital and the state. Socialists, Communists and anarchists worked to save them, as did intellectuals, including John Dos Passos, H.L. Mencken, Heywood Broun and Edna St. Vincent Millay, but they all explained the case and its significance differently. Following their execution in 1927, Sacco and Vanzetti remained rich dramatic symbols, the subject of works by Ben Shahn, folk songs, and a feature film by an Italian Communist.

They have also been the subjects of a tremendous number of books and articles. Almost all focus on the conduct of the trial and the guilt or innocence of the two men. Francis Russell's *Sacco and Vanzetti: The Case Resolved* and William Young and David Kaiser's *Postmortem: New Evidence in the Case of Sacco and Vanzetti* (both 1986) are typical [see Dorothy Gallagher, "The Next-to-Last Word," August 2/9, 1986]. But despite the pretentiousness of Russell's title, he utterly fails to resolve the case. As in his earlier work, *Tragedy in Dedham: The Story of the Sacco-Vanzetti Case*, Russell argues that Sacco was guilty and Vanzetti probably innocent. The new evidence Russell presents with much fanfare is unconvincing. Young and Kaiser, arguing that the prosecution faked all the critical evidence, emphasize the guns Sacco and Vanzetti carried and the ballistics evidence. Seventy years later, it remains "the case that will not die" (the title of Herbert Ehrmann's 1969 legal study, published by Little, Brown). Neither their guilt nor their innocence has been conclusively established.

The image of Sacco and Vanzetti as "a good shoemaker and a poor fish peddler" has for decades captured many imaginations. However, it is misleading and needs revision. Providing a more honest characterization of the men and their radical activism is the central purpose of *Sacco and Vanzetti: The Anarchist Background*. Perhaps no author is better suited to this task than Paul Avrich, the pre-eminent scholar of American anarchism. Avrich does away with the picture of innocent, hapless, working-class immigrants brutalized by the state. Sacco and Vanzetti were clearly victimized, but they were also militant anarchists, part of a small circle that preached and practiced revolutionary violence. Avrich relates their story with intelligence, grace and drama.

In 1908 Sacco and Vanzetti made their separate ways to the United States, as did some 100,000 other Italian immigrants. Avrich describes their family and social lives in Italy and the adjustments forced upon them in a new land. Sacco had the easier time, acquiring a skilled job as an edge trimmer and working for several years in a shoe factory in Milford, Massachusetts, home to a community of Italian newcomers. He married and had a family. Vanzetti, who remained single, encountered many difficulties, never working steadily. He worked in restaurants, a factory, a stone quarry and as a ditch digger.

In the United States anarchism became Sacco and Vanzetti's "strongest passion, the guiding beacon of their lives, the focus of their daily interests and activities." Both men took part in strikes and demonstrations. Their anarchist activism centered around Luigi Galleani, who during the first two decades of the twentieth century was the leading Italian anarchist in America. The Galleanists, anarchist-communists who rejected the state and private ownership of property, disdained reform. Galleani, to his followers the embodiment of revolt, declared, "When we talk about property, State, masters, government, laws, courts, and police, we say only that *we don't want any of them*." Forming an alternative culture, the Italian anarchists, like other immigrant political groups, organized newspapers, schools, theater groups, picnics, lectures, concerts and dances.

With the American entry into World War I, sixty Galleanists, including Sacco and Vanzetti, headed for Mexico. Some left to avoid the draft, but many sought a point of departure to join what they believed was the coming social revolution back in Italy. Throughout the war Galleani "carried on an insistent campaign of antimilitarist and antipatriotic propaganda." These pronouncements in *Cronaca Sovversiva* (Chronicle of Subversion), combined with two of Galleani's publications, made him and his followers special targets of the government. *Faccia a faccia col nemico* (Face to Face With the Enemy) praised anarchists who had employed violence. *La Salute è in voi!* (Health Is in You!) was a forty-six-page bomb manual calling for vengeance against tyrants and oppressors.

As government repression of radicals worsened, Galleani was arrested several times and was eventually deported in 1919. The Mexican exiles, including Sacco and Vanzetti, planned a retaliatory conspiracy to "plant the poof," in the words of Galleanist Mario Buda. Sparked by Galleani's 1917 arrest, many in the group armed themselves, took up assumed names and "plunged into an underground existence" as "conspiracy became their way of life." As many as fifty or sixty conspirators may have been involved, making and planting bombs, printing and distributing leaflets, providing shelter and moral and financial support. Considering themselves at war with the forces of government and capital, all "lived in constant fear of detection, of being discovered by federal agents or local police." Although the evidence is far from satisfactory, Avrich concludes that in all likelihood both Sacco and Vanzetti were involved in the conspiracy.

Among their actions, Galleanists mailed thirty package bombs addressed to some of the nation's most prominent

Martin Blatt is the author of Free Love and Anarchism: The Biography of Ezra Heywood *(University of Illinois).*

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citizens in April 1919. Many were intercepted and not one harmed its intended victim. This was followed by explosions in seven cities in June, most notably the bombing of the home of Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer, who survived the blast. Although never identified by the authorities, the body of the bomber blown to bits in Palmer's neighborhood was, according to Avrich, that of Carlo Valdinoci, a key member in the conspiracy.

The bombings of June 2 contributed to a wave of fear and anger. In the fall the government launched a series of raids against alien radicals. Thousands were arrested and hundreds deported. The Galleanists were routed, and most either were deported, went into hiding or fled the country. Two of the arrested in the raids were Roberto Elia and Andrea Salsedo, Galleanists and close friends of Vanzetti. Detained illegally for two months by the Justice Department on the fourteenth floor of a Park Row building in New York City, Salsedo eventually plunged to his death, an apparent suicide.

Sacco and Vanzetti, planning to leave the country, were thrown into a panic at the news of Salsedo's death. Immediately, they set out to dispose of their anarchist literature. It was on this errand that they were arrested. At trial Judge Webster Thayer emphasized that their behavior on the night of the arrest revealed "a consciousness of guilt" in connection with the charges against them. Avrich concurs that the two men had "indeed displayed a consciousness of guilt," but it seems reasonable to conclude that "the guilt of which they were conscious was that of anarchism, not robbery and murder."

In response to the arrest and indictment of Sacco and Vanzetti, "the best friends I had in America," Mario Buda planted one last "poof." On September 16, 1920, he set off an explosion at the corner of Wall and Broad streets, the symbolic center of American capitalism. The explosion, the worst of its kind in American history, killed thirty-three and seriously injured more than 200. Much of the interior of the House of Morgan was wrecked. Authorities never identified the bomber. Shortly thereafter, Buda left the country under an assumed name.

I wish Avrich had more fully explored the arguments of the Galleanists against the power of capital and the state; that might help readers to understand why these activists resorted to violence. Also, he does not adequately discuss the relationship of the Galleanists to the larger radical movement of the times, which included different types of anarchists and socialists. These criticisms, however, are minor relative to the book's accomplishments. Avrich brings great respect to the varied anarchist figures and movements of the past that he has addressed in his writings. In *Sacco and Vanzetti: The Anarchist Background*, Avrich has provided us with the information and analysis necessary to understand more accurately who Sacco and Vanzetti really were.

Although I believe that Sacco and Vanzetti were the victims of judicial murder, their innocence of the charges brought against them does not mean that they were romantic innocents. The actions of the Galleanists call into question the efficacy and appropriateness of employing violence in the cause of humanity. Anarchism, in particular, represents a commitment to individual freedom that is not easily reconciled with bombings. The Galleanists' targets were carefully selected to symbolize oppression, but the Wall Street bombing, for example, harmed many passers-by. This relationship of means to ends, which does not, in my view, yield a simple resolution, remains a critical issue for activists today. □

MUSIC.

GENE SANTORO

James Brown

On September 24, 1988, in an office complex he owns in Augusta, Georgia, his hometown, James Brown brandished a shotgun at participants in an insurance seminar. He complained that somebody there had used his private bathroom next door. The cops were called, Brown jumped into his pickup truck and they pursued him for ten miles along the South Carolina state line—with between ten and fourteen vehicles at speeds up to 85 miles per hour. Surrounded during the *French Connection*–style chase in an abandoned lot, Brown slammed his truck into reverse, and the cops shot out his front tires. (Brown, who'd been convicted of assault and battery involving an officer that February, said he'd been stopped for ten minutes before the cops showed up.) Though he had his shotgun with him throughout the incident, the police said he didn't threaten them with it or attempt to use it. Brown's truck had twenty-three bullet holes in it when he finally ran it into a ditch. As he told one interviewer,

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"I was scared to death," and another, "They're trying to make you antagonize 'em so they can kill you."

On December 15, 1988, Brown was convicted of failing to stop for police—a felony in South Carolina—and assault "of a high and aggravated nature" (trying to run down his pursuers). His time: six years for the so-called "blue light" offense and two concurrent five-year terms for assault that were suspended to five years of probation not concurrent with his six-year sentence—which, for purposes of parole eligibility, was equivalent to an eleven-year term. His lawyer, Reginald Simmons, said it was "extremely harsh, not commensurate at all with the crime."

As Dave Marsh points out in a new epilogue to *James Brown: The Godfather of Soul* by James Brown with Bruce Tucker (Thunder's Mouth Press), the fine autobiography reissued last summer, the media weren't much kinder. They certainly weren't addicted to the facts. Marsh cites *Rolling Stone*, which muddled actual charges against Brown with allegations. But *Stone*, as usual, wasn't alone. Tabloids like *New York Newsday* hoisted Brown with the headline "Cell Brother No. 155413." *Time*'s rather sneering piece, titled "Soul Brother No. 155413," inaccurately suggested that he had long been sliding into musical irrelevance. Nor did the music world Brown has been crucial to for three decades seem interested in sorting things out: There were no organized demonstrations, and only an embarrassing handful of individual protests, on his behalf before his parole. (Marsh duly outlines racist hypocrisy within the music industry—and by implication, the country at large—by contrasting Brown's fate with the treatment given famous white rockers in trouble with the law.) And early this year *People* ran a mocking piece that focused largely on the 58-year-old's teeth implants, tattooed eyebrows and permanent lower-lid eyeliner; his use of Lysol to clean his cell; and his work in the prison kitchen.

Despite the jabs and the silence, on February 27 Brown was paroled after putting in two years and two months for trying to flee arrest. He'd served fifteen months of his sentence at the State Correctional Facility near Columbia, South Carolina. Then he was transferred to Aiken, where he worked for the nonprofit Aiken and Barnwell Counties Community Action Commission counseling youth about drug abuse for eleven months. (Although South Carolina police said Brown tested—voluntarily—positive for PCP use when they finally corralled him, and although he'd been busted earlier that year for possession of PCP and again on September 25, 1988, for driving under the influence of PCP and pot, he was not convicted of either offense. Jesse Jackson, who visited Brown two months into his term, read a statement by the singer that said he wasn't on drugs and hadn't engaged in any violence toward the cops.)

The Hardest Working Man in Show Business went right back to it. (During his stir time, a constant if ironic refrain in interviews was, "I'm rested, well rested.") On The Potomac Productions has produced and marketed a video documentary called *James Brown: The Man, the Music & the Message* that's been airing via syndication around the country. On June 29, Brown kicks off a tour that's set through at least August. Between now and then, he begins work on a new album. And early May brought *James Brown Star Time* (Polydor), a four-CD compilation of digitalized seminal cuts from Brown's long and varied career.

Few artists can claim the far-reaching influence on the pop music of the past three decades that Brown can. *Star Time* boasts seventy-one cuts that illustrate how this onetime motherless street urchin, who lived in a shack, scoured through garbage for food, danced for World War II troop trains for pennies and served three years of an eight-to-sixteen-year term for breaking into four cars at age 16, managed to become the Godfather of Soul, whose international disciples include jazzers, rockers, disco-ites, Afropoppers, reggae-ists and rappers. (Brown has guessed that about 150 of his tunes have been sampled without royalties by hip-hoppers. Estimates of how many hip-hop tracks ride J.B. samples run as high as 3,000.) Sly Stone, George Clinton, the Rolling Stones, the Electric Flag, Chic, Bob Marley, Tower of Power, the Talking Heads, Sunny Adé, Fela Kuti, Michael Jackson, Prince, Public Enemy—all bear his mark. Like few other bandleaders—Basie, Ellington, Muddy Waters, Miles Davis, Ornette Coleman—Brown has both maintained a core of loyal players and molded changing lineups into his musical image. In the process he's trained some of the era's outstanding musicians while redirecting the evolutionary flow of pop culture worldwide.

For a while along the way, he acquired visibility, wealth and holdings that swelled pride in the black community—his twelve-room mansion in St. Albans,

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Queens, his limos, his string of radio stations. But the corporate institutionalization of pop music and radio, which promoted disco and realigned markets, shriveled much of his music-based empire. In 1971 he moved to Polydor from the small indie King, which theoretically should have sustained, if not extended, his huge multiracial reach. But he claims with at least some accuracy in *James Brown* that Polydor helped derail his hitmaking via insensitivity to his live-in-the-studio recording methods and lack of insight into his audiences. (Not surprisingly, *Star Time*'s notes indirectly dispute this.) Then in the mid-1970s one of his managers was convicted of payola to get airplay for the previously invulnerable Godfather's discs. Soon after, his jet was repossessed. He sold off the radio stations one by one. He sunk a million dollars into an abortive TV show. And since 1985, his sixty-two-acre farm outside Augusta has been under lien by the I.R.S.

The I.R.S. claims Brown owes $9 million in taxes—$4.5 million for 1969 and 1970 alone. On the video he taped with Dick Cavett, Brown asks, "Why do all black people wind up penniless? Why do they come and take tax from me? That case is twenty-five, almost thirty years old, and was never about but $211,000 from the get-go." Whatever the actual numbers, with his I.R.S. overseers Brown joins a long line of successful blacks who've endured harassment, including Joe Louis, Nat King Cole and Chuck Berry. Still, he thinks of himself as an African-American version of Horatio Alger. He meant it when he told *Time*, "I've been the American Dream."

In many ways, his life reflects in intensified form the contradictions many African-Americans feel about this country's promise even when they affirm the myth they're only partially included in. As J.B. hornman Fred Wesley told Cynthia Rose in the interesting if sometimes overreachingly interpretive *Living in America* (Serpent's Tail), "Contradiction is the very thing which feeds his nerve. . . . He is just as fragile as he is tough." So there are his hard-hitting anthems like "Say It Loud—I'm Black and I'm Proud," his talk about payola as a method of financial redistribution between white station owners and their underpaid black deejays, the street-jive realism of his lyrics. There's his endorsement of Nixon and hobnobbing with Reagan and Bush. There's his ceaseless entrepreneurial drive and patriotic tunes (which caused cries of "Uncle Tom") like "America Is My Home." And there are his longtime friendships with the Reverends Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton.

But mostly, and most important, there's his music, which in its insistent individualism arising from a wealth of diverse influences is very much a culmination of at least one aspect of the American Dream. *Star Time* picks from the panorama of Brown's nearly forty-year-long evolution by emphasizing both hits and significant musical turning points—a solid strategy for dealing with his enormous, syncretic and idiosyncratic output.

In his early days (collected on *The Federal Years Vols. I and II*, Solid Smoke) J.B. extended the silken gospel-based cries of Roy Brown with the frenetic jump-blues of Louis Jordan. His ballad stylings—he told me, "I've never really been an r&b singer, I was always a lot more of a ballad singer, and then I started singing more up-tempo songs"—owe a lot to his other heroes, Jackie Wilson and Little Willie John. (John's hit, "Fever," made more money for Peggy Lee than for him; he died in prison for manslaughter at the age of 30.) Fusing them and models like fellow Georgian Little Richard, Brown fashioned the nonstop stage show that climaxed with "Please Please Please" and half an hour of the famed cape routine he'd adapted from '50s wrestler Gorgeous George. It all culminated in the universally acclaimed album *Live at the Apollo* (Solid Smoke), which Brown cut despite record-label opposition. The disc topped the pop charts for over a year—a rare feat for an r&b artist.

The New Breed Thing—what became funk—kicked off with 1964's "Out of Sight" and deepened with the landmark "Papa's Got a Brand New Bag." Harmonic movement disappears in favor of vamps and the primacy of polyrhythms. The coiling instrumental lines intersect, pair at different but cyclically repeating points, then expand away from each other until the next touchdown, creating an irresistible chug-a-lug effect. Riffing over, under, around and through this whole percolating juggernaut is the band's rhythmic key, *that voice*: the battle-scarred grunts and "Good Gods," the torn screams, the jagged phrases, the calls for the bridge that pushed generations of happily frenzied young whites and blacks alike onto the dance floor with hit after hit, like "I Got You (I Feel Good)," "Cold Sweat" and "I Got the Feelin'." The way J.B. explained it to me, "The horns are really gospel with jazz licks. That's where soul music comes from, y'know. It was totally different from anything else that was out there. I was too far ahead of the people, though.

WINDOWS AT THE METROPOLITAN

After traveling the dark tunnels on a dime, at ten,
I wandered the flood-lit maze of Renaissance Masters

(deserted then, unfashionable) and felt the allure
of windows behind the azure cloaks and pale crooked necks

of the Madonnas who seemed more distant and alien
than anything the nuns had taught. But there, beside them,

no more than a few inches square, in brushstrokes
fine as hairs, the artists had put infinity,

and I peered, close as the guards would let me,
and felt myself, in my ignorance, fall through

into landscapes a child could almost imagine
beyond a city's walls: near plains, far crags

and castles only the eye could climb,
floating like islands quiet and exempt

from thorns and hammer-blows, which I should have known
even then must attend the innocent ones in the foreground.

Though now I see a jest in those teasing vignettes
with their tiny glimpses out of time, I cannot pity

that exhilarated boy who turned at closing and rode
the D train back to his lonely station in the Bronx.

Richard Foerster

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So I recorded 'I Feel Good' twice. I cut it first like jazz, but then I went back and cut it again." (Both tracks are on *Star Time*.) During this period, he literally changed the face of popular music around the world.

By the early 1970s Brown's music had modulated the violently syncopated popcorn rhythms into heavier funk grooves. Tunes like "Funky Drummer"—a favorite of hip-hop samplers—and "Brother Rapp" illustrate just how far ahead of his time Brown still was. It's a disparity that's been pointed up over the last decade-plus by the differences between his burning stage shows and his often mediocre recordings. He put it to me this way: "I would rather record live, because I want to have that live feel in there. If you hear my band, it's so far ahead of what I'm doing on record it's scary, y'know. But they don't ever let me put that on record anymore, and I can understand that, y'know—it's also so people can grasp it a little bit easier. I actually have to go back to more elementary things to put out a record as opposed to the way I do it live, because when we do our hard thing we speak very, very fast, y'see. But I think the audience can handle it. I don't think the record companies can. They don't want you to be different, an Einstein in an ABC world."

That problem—the inability of his record companies and even his audiences to keep up with his relentless musical changes—plagued him from the mid-1970s on. After a series of black-power anthems like "Say It Loud—I'm Black and I'm Proud," "Soul Power," "I Don't Want Nobody to Give Me Nothing" and "Funky President," many whites began to avoid his shows while many blacks began to embrace the more pallid disco beats he'd helped spawn. A cadre of his key musicians, including Maceo, mutinied and signed on with George Clinton's Parliament-Funkadelic, that fabulous sci-fi/funk cosmological groove academy. His empire was crumbling, despite solid efforts like the desperately titled *The Original Disco Man* (Polydor). Movie roles—he had cameos in *The Blues Brothers* and *Rocky IV*—didn't really lead anywhere. In 1984 he hooked up with rapper Afrika Bambaataa for *Unity* (Tommy Boy), where phrases from outstanding J.B. tunes swirl through a rap-meets-funk entreaty for peace and brotherhood and against nuclear holocaust. Material he'd cut with reggae rhythm masters Sly and Robbie and a gospel album with Sharp-

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ton didn't manage to find label homes before his imprisonment.

Four years in the making, *Star Time* traces this remarkable and unsettling achievement with sensitivity and intelligence. The inclusion of unedited cuts, for instance, allows us to hear Brown and his crackerjack bands shaping tracks in the studio live as the tape rolls. The digital remix nicely clarifies individual lines without sterilizing the overall result. The accompanying booklet supplies a good intro to Brown's life and music. The set's only real drawback is its six-by-twelve-inch case. This new industry standard, the result of retailer pressure, makes boxed sets unsuitable for either CD- or LP-sized shelves.

But swell packages aside, the ultimate thing about James Brown is the contradiction-healing groove. Densely filigreed, it lifts you with the easy inevitability of Freud's oceanic feeling. It's like a brief return to Paradise. As J.B. told me in his purring, gospel-preacher singsong, "Y'know, one thing about music: It's the key to *every*thing, the universal language of man's commitment to be together. Yeah, a baby can *feel* before it can *see*, so the *feeling* is far beyond sight, *sound* is far beyond sight, umm-hmm. So that we ought to have music *every*where: in the churches, in the political meetings, in hospitals, in dentists' offices. 'Cause see what the music is doing? It's so *vast*, so *beyond* our thinking, because it reaches your soul and you can feel before you can see, that it's mind over matter. You say ouch and don't even know where the pain is coming from, but the *feeling* is *real*." And more than anyone, James Brown's got the feeling. □

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falling he says I leap

Ben Sonnenberg

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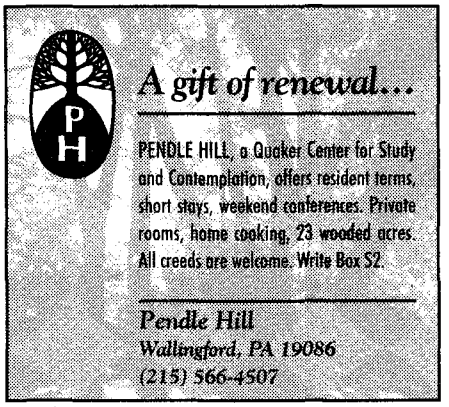
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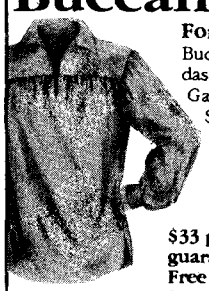

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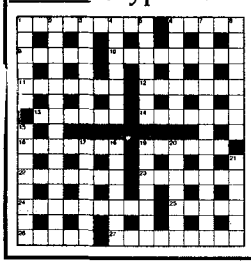

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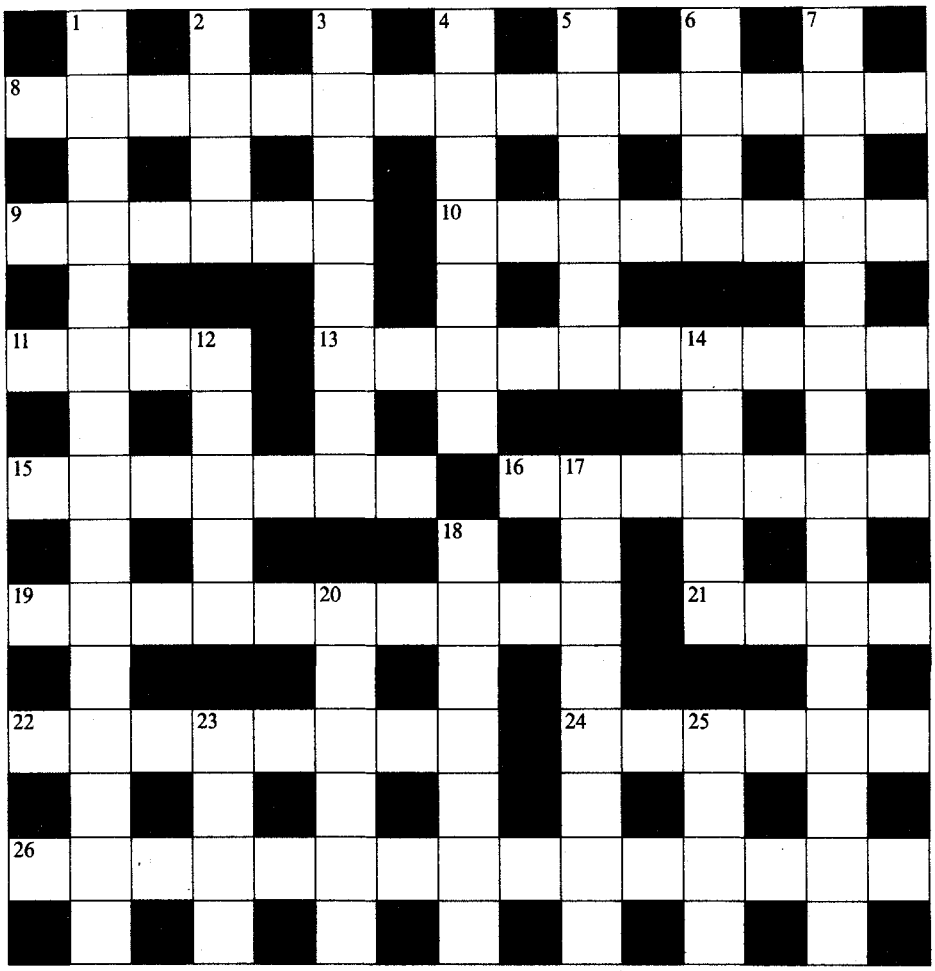
Crossword Puzzle No. 2339

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

8 With Mary around I fired up the sort of case found in some embassies. (8,7)
9 South Carolina oilman perhaps highly regarded in Egypt at one time. (6)
10 Desist in making what might be a neat compulsion. (8)
11 See 6 down
13 Automobile, and a good French model, according to the exact record. (6,4)
15 and 20 down Let only a few people come in? (Not many roads with such, either.) (7,6)
16 Sort of cues a couple in Spain implying 24 in Portugal. (8)
19 One that takes pictures in the nude? Possibly! (6,4)
21 What do you call those blessed binders? (4)
22 One that creates mischief has a legal following, it is understood. (8)
24 One of the things early retirement (with the proper get-up) is supposed to bring. (6)
26 In favor of the examination by a large number of old warriors, they show signs of unhappiness with the situation. (7,8)

DOWN

1 There's help coming up with a possibly uncomplimentary grade, for example some letters being inferior to it. (11,4)
2 What the scoundrel may have ridden comes up with a forked-tongue one. (4)
3 Nothing on around the sort of cube onto which the meat may be tossed? (8)
4 Wilkie Collins is a first example of such a writer. (8)
5 The first part turns to dust, with 10 in the atelier. (6)
6 and 11 across Not a secondary method of transportation, used by some dopey people! (4,4)
7 They would have served as good defensive equipment for young Hawkins at his mother's inn. (5,10)
12 The high-class type? (5)
14 Matter of what one does with numbers of nobility? (5)
17 It might contain programs for waste treatment. (8)
18 What one has to go through after traveling abroad! (7)
20 See 15 across
23 A large number might be vacant or possibly just lost. (4)
25 In trouble, each might be symptomatic of trouble. (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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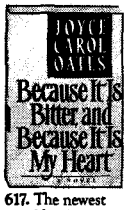

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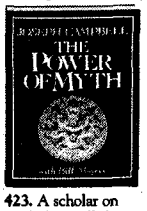

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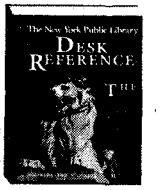

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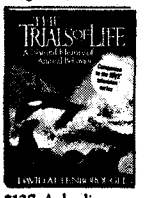

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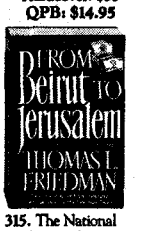

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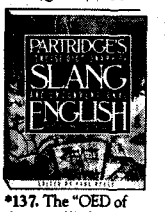

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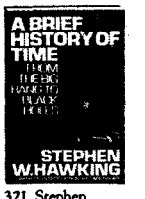

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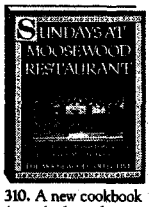

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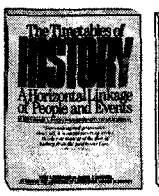

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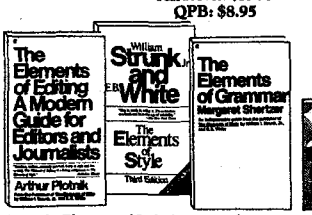

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